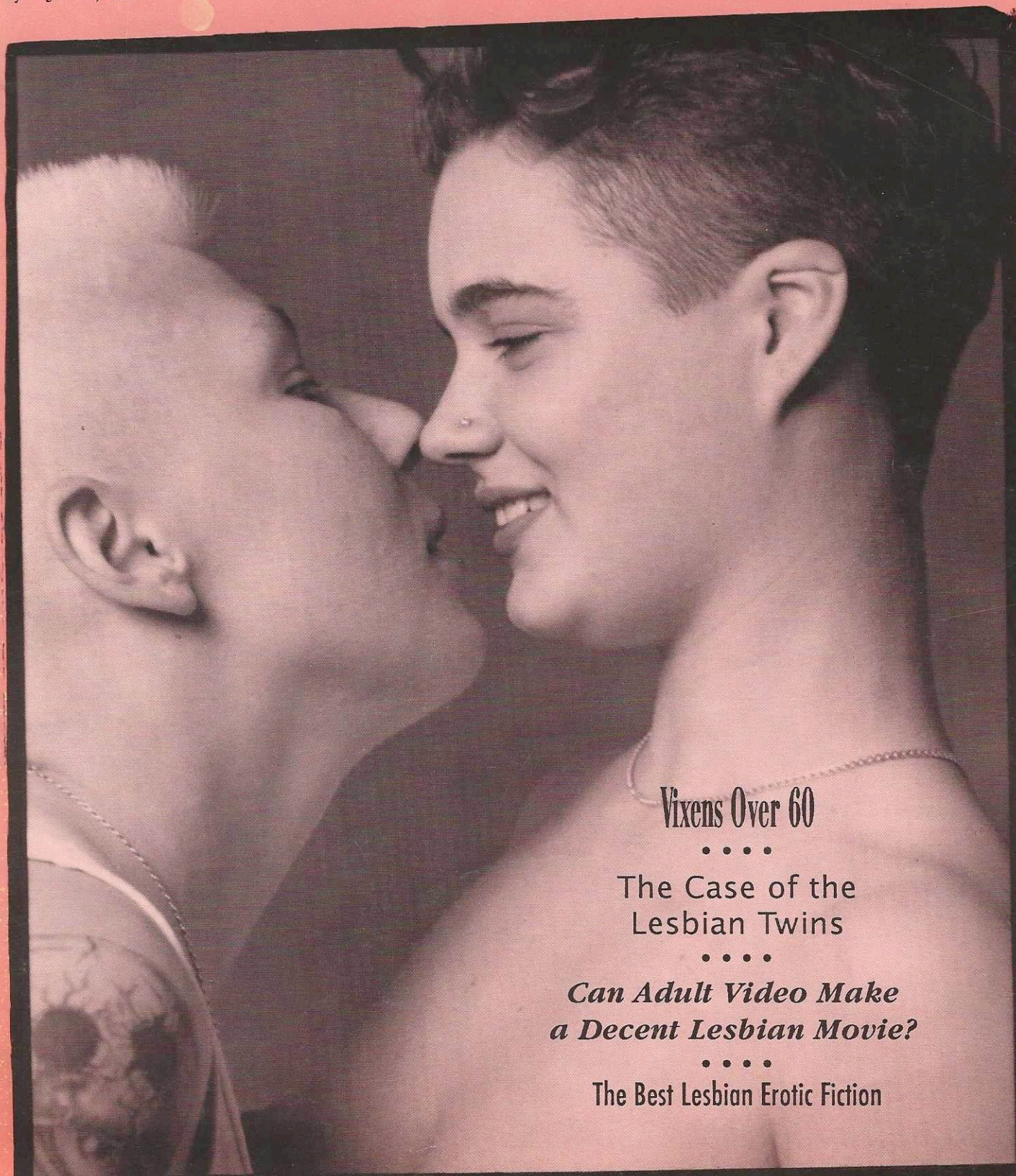


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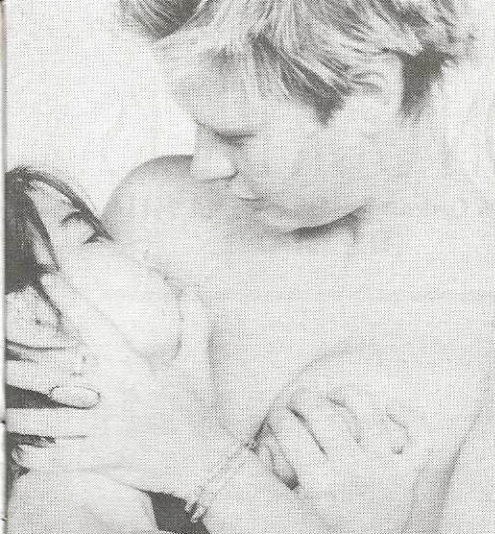
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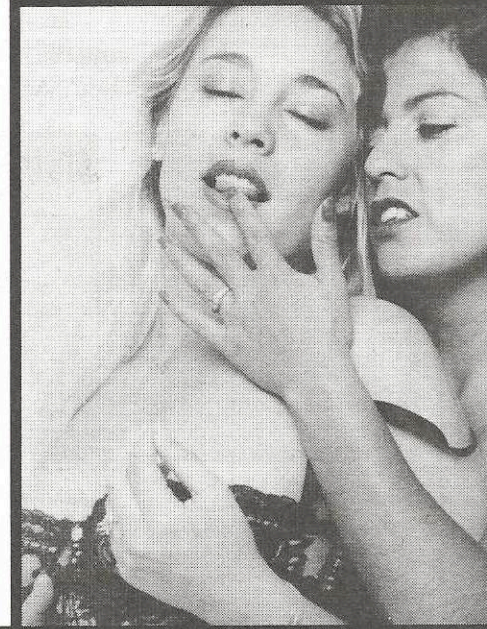
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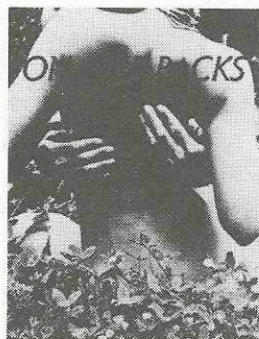
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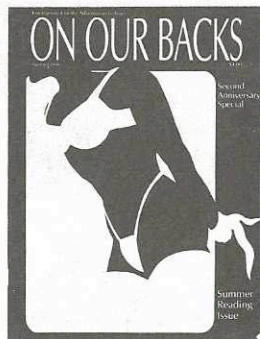
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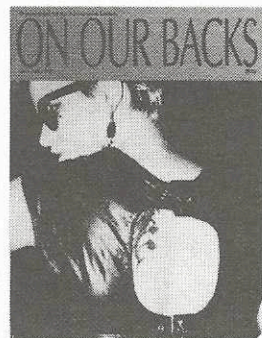
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INSIDE ON OUR BACKS

Vol. 6 No. 5

May - June, 1990



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45 CLASSIFIEDS

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GAY AND LESBIAN LITERATURE

Katie Niles has a passion for photographing women. She lives in Seattle and satisfies her passion as often as she can.

Greta Christina got many of the ideas for *Drawing the Line* from her dear friend Lori Kendall. She would like to acknowledge and thank her.

Gina Dellatte is a young writer living in the New York suburbs. She works on an ambulance and attempts ceaselessly to avoid stress. Her first novel is in its final draft.

West Hollywood woman

Patricia Lee Allare, who's

always in "total control," needs more girls, girls, girls to play with and photograph!

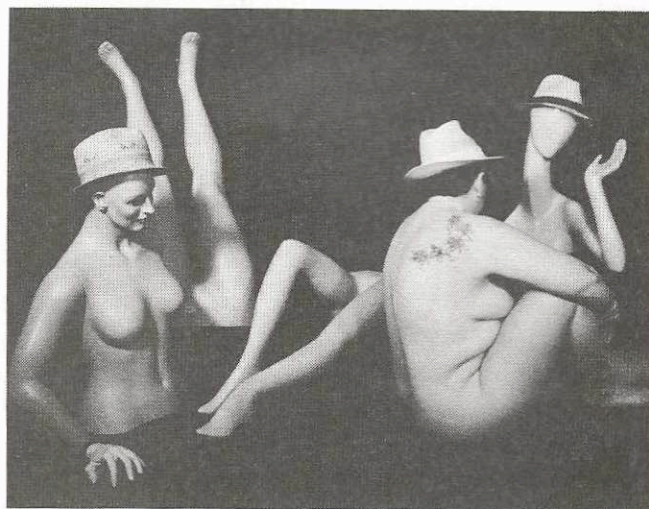
Call **Bear and Aphra** the new British Invasion. After leaving their mark(s?) on the women of the West Coast, they returned to London in time for tea.

Jessica Brooke Tanzer, GWF, 24, 5'10", doesn't hike, ski, or change the kitty litter. Into boxers, lingerie, and yes, Charlotte, pink bunny ears.

Martha Miller's short fiction has appeared in several lesbian and literary periodicals and anthologies. She looks for diversity; writing about characters who don't fit the formula. She quit smoking one year ago and has finally stopped looking at rooftops.

San Francisco photographer **Michael Rosen** has self-published *Sexual Magic: the S/M Photographs* and plans to self-publish *Sexual Portraits: Photographs of Radical Sexuality* in 1990.

For **Honey Lee Cottrell**, it's "the perfect moment" to get a tattoo: a dragon fly on her left forearm. In June, she'll be a godmother.



Katie Niles gets dolled up



Tracy Mostovoy & Divianna Ingravallo

"Faster! Faster!" shouts **Phyllis Christopher**, as her models twist and contort to strike a natural pose. Ah, the magic of photography.

Jimmie Pearl's real name is Jamaica Pearlstein. She wants to be a rock star.

Tracy Mostovoy's latest project is a multi-media collaboration with her lover, Divianna, titled *Gone Bad*. This late-night production runs through June at San Francisco's Climate Theater.

Now is not a good time to talk for **Kris Kovick**.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

The piece on "feminist pornography" featuring your editor in *Mother Jones* (Feb/Mar 90) convinced me to send for a sample issue. Preferably, I'd like it shipped in a discreet, pink hairy wrapper.

V. Huffman
Langley, WA

CROSS MY HEART

If what *Mother Jones* says is true, I will shore up my bed, break out the silk ties, and mink whips and replace my vibrator with *On Our Backs*! Well, maybe I'll keep the vibrator and just add the magazine to the fun. Now that's a combination akin to nuclear war.

Priscilla Meyers
Pittsburgh, PA

THE PLOT WITHIN

Although I haven't read the books reviewed by Lisa LaBia in your last issue, I strongly disagree with her basic premise about what constitutes hot reading. LaBia says that if she wants strong plot development and characterization, she'll read *Wuthering Heights*, but when it comes to erotica, she just wants to "get off." Admittedly, what gets one girls off can leave another one cold, but the best erotica I've read usually contains hot steamy sex interwoven with a good story and memorable characters. (Come to think of it, I got pretty worked up over *Wuthering Heights*.)

I was surprised to see this opinion expressed in *On Our Backs*, since much of your fiction has interest, besides providing one-handed reading. (My personal favorites are "Butch Flip" and "The Babysitter", both of which contain some interesting storylines and captivating heroines.)

The problem is that sexual writing is relegated to a separate genre of literature in our culture, resulting in a pornography industry that's constantly threatened with censorship, and a

literary establishment that has to mind its four-letter words or risk its credibility.

This dichotomy has created a situation where "serious" writers run the risk of jeopardizing their literary reputations if they dabble in erotica. They either avoid it completely or publish under pseudonyms and hide their racier work from mainstream publishers. Both genres—erotic and "literary" suffer when writers self-censor.

I hope we don't see a new trend develop in the pages of *On Our Backs*; empty descriptions of sexual behavior devoid of plot or personality. We've been getting that from male pornographers for years, particularly in the video department where the camera can spend hours focusing on nothing but organs. Ideally, I'd like to see Cathy and Heathcliff (or his female counterpart) fucking their brains out on the moors!

Marlayna Dawson
San Francisco



The New York On Our Backs party at Club Mars

I agree that "erotoporn" is, unfortunately, a separate literary genre, therefore the main reason for its inconsistent quality and bad reputation. I, too, don't want to read empty descriptions of sexual behavior, but I don't want to be bogged down with a poor story that is somehow supposed to legitimize the sex scene either. My prerequisites for "getting off" weren't clearly expressed. As I said in my review, a truly erotic story is one that incorporates the physical and the psychological. I hope that more "serious" writers will accept this challenge and pull pornography off the back shelf.

Lisa LaBia

BEG FOR IT

Please send me your evil, oppressive, corrupting magazine...I can't wait.

Christine Ianieri
Florence, MA

(continued on page 7)

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(continued from page 5)

PIERCIN' U.S.A.

Your article "Absolutely Pierced" rekindled my desire (actually blew it into a full hot flame!) to get pierced, and put my mind at ease about the pain. I have wanted to pierce my labia for about six years, pierced genitalia being one of the most erotic things I have ever seen, but put it in the back of my mind.

There's one problem: Where in Richmond can I find a piercing artist of the same skill and caliber as Raelyn Gallina? Please let me know.

Katherine Meador
Richmond, Va

Karen Hurt, a piercer at the Gauntlet in San Francisco, suggests this:

Outside of California, professional piercing services are virtually non-existent. An alternative is to enlist the aid of a competent and willing friend. However, a piercing should never be attempted without first becoming well-informed about the proper technique and placement for safety and maximum sensation. Use of proper sterile techniques and appropriate gold or surgical steel jewelry combined with conscientious aftercare make for a healthy, attractive piercing.

Procedural information on all of the various body piercings is contained in back issues of Piercing Fans International Quarterly, a publication by master piercer Jim Ward and founder of Gauntlet, Inc. Send \$3 for a Gauntlet catalog, or \$10 for a copy of PFIQ and a catalog to: The Gauntlet, 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069 (213) 657-6677.

SELLING OUT

I'll tell you something: Lansing used to carry *On Our Backs* at Motherwit and More Bookstore and the copies would sell out the moment they hit the shelf! But I hear that the "friends" of the bookstore "voted" to no longer stock your magazine for moral reasons.

"I really do have faith in the existence of normal lesbians."

Fools! And there you have it.

Terri Jewell
Lansing, MI

FROM ONE FETISHIST TO ANOTHER. . . .

I would like to see more tongue on clit shots.

M. Kintner
Baltimore, MD

REAL LESBIANS DON'T EAT WATERMELON

I manage a shop that carries your magazine. Being a lesbian, I am sometimes compelled to thumb through it. I am, however, always turned off by the first few pages. But being the open-minded person that I am, I decided to continue reading the last issue in hopes of finding a "flake" quality story. I came across one about a babysitter who has an affair with the woman who employs her. At first, the idea was exciting, but as the story unfolded, the two women were sexually abusing each other and calling each other names that are generally reserved for use by ignorant, straight men.

I would also like to point out that as a merchant, I keep track of who buys what, and honestly speaking, about 60% on *On Our Backs* is purchased by heterosexual males. I do not find this surprising, since the general picture you paint of lesbians is not a flattering one.

I always hope that you people will

get a clue, since you are the largest lesbian publication, but I can see at this point that it's not going to happen. I guess your magazine is simply not for me. Too bad, because I love women. I have faith that the greater percentage of lesbians DO NOT find Barbie dolls, dildos, or watermelon sex to be very appealing. If I'm incorrect in this assumption, I will be terminating my status as a lesbian to become, of course, a celibate. I seriously doubt that will happen because I really do have faith in the existence of normal lesbians.

I believe that the first magazine to come out and expose our souls instead of our sexuality will most definitely put your "fish wrap rag" out of business!

Lisa D. (sic)
Oakland, CA

Miss D. get over yourself. Honestly speaking, we don't think you know our readership very well, nor your own relationship to what gets you off. Since you mention the Barbie Doll issue, we know you've been lapping up every detail of On Our Backs for months, and we think it's time you subscribed. Stop beating yourself up over the fact that our magazine turns you on! We think you're experiencing dildo envy and a severe vitamin C deficiency as well. However, if your devout faith in "normal" lesbians would drive you to the point of celibacy, then get thee to a nunnery! And bring a copy of "Lesbian Nuns".

How To Read A DIRTY MOVIE

It began as a house cleaning crisis and turned into the "Entertainment Pick of the Week". No, I'm not talking about my bathtub ring. I just finally took the surplus X-rated videos I'd collected as an erotic movie reviewer and turned them into family fun for everyone.

I reviewed erotic videos for two and a half years at *Penthouse Forum*, and many review copies of the latest in commercial and counterculture smut passed through my mailbox. I critiqued and treasured about 10% of the merchandise; the few

The clean and sober lesbians fought a bidding war over a John Holmes tape.

pioneers who turned me on and opened my mind simultaneously. The rest quickly created mountainous dust bunnies.

"Let's give them away!" I suggested to my comrade-in-porn, Honey Lee. "We can even make an event out of it!"

Our first event was held in our postage stamp size living room. "Serve the People Porno", my invitation read. "You are part of a select clique of sympathetic pornophiles invited to help clear



Serve The People Porno — Honey Lee and Susie B.

MICHAEL ROSEN

out my video surplus. Be prepare to be discriminating. We'll play excerpts from all the tapes and provide dishy commentary to assist in your choices."

Honey Lee and I divided the tapes into categories: Amateur, Asian, Bimbo, Couples, Docudrama, Gay, Interracial, Kinky, Mystery, S/M, Spanish, Star Vehicles, and Transsexual. Bimbo was the largest group and contained lightweight trash; both the male and female variety.

Our guests were purposefully pulled from every corner of our social life: straight, gay, men, women, couples, singles, porn fans and ingenues. We gave everyone

100 points to use as bidding chips to participate in our video auction. I would show random moments from each tape, describing its high and low points. The bidding began. Our very first round raised my consciousness but good. The clean and sober lesbians made a bidding war over a John Holmes tape. The straight suburban couple put half of their savings on the gay S/M dungeon fantasy. The Marxists were collecting a large pile of cheap point bimbo tapes. My gay men friends provided most of the insightful commentary on all the "straight"actors.

Frantic trading and greed was in the air, but six hours later, as they trooped out the door, Safeway shopping bags full, I know they meant it when they thanked us

SUSIE BRIGHT

for an unforgettable experience.

None of us had ever shared our sexual tastes and questions so bluntly, and without apologies, in front of a group of strangers. For some of the married guests, I know it was the first time such intimacies had ever come up between the two!

And so began the "How To Read a Dirty Movie" show. My living room encounter groups indicated I could attract a wildly diverse group of people to teach a wealth of erotic knowledge and criticism. I loved destroying the porn stereotypes with an orgasmic shock treatment of having the taboo material right in front of us, and a willingness to talk about the nitty-gritty. I don't give the tapes away anymore, but I have refined my show and tell presentation into 100 minutes of non-stop erotic literacy campaigning.

I show 16 excerpts from gay, straight, commercial, countercultural and unexplainable porn. Much of my show is devoted to the "girls vs. boys" debate in sexual pictures. How is masculine vitality and desire portrayed in contrast to feminine? What happens when some genderfuck rebel breaks the boys-will-be-boys rule? The recent lesbian-made videos are some of my favorite examples of overturning the apple cart.

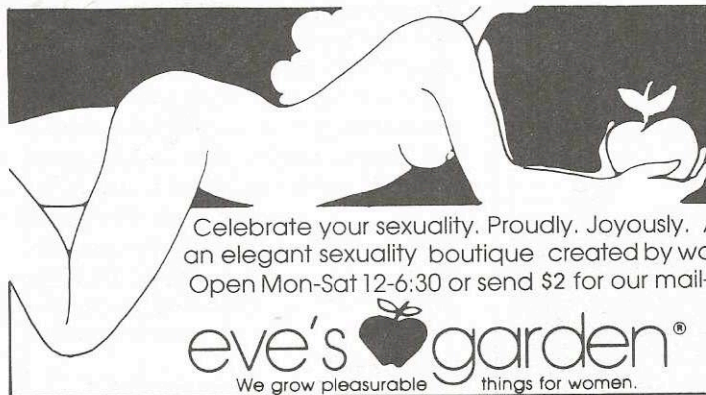
In a scene from one of Fatale Video's lesbian burlesque shows, I present performance artist Shelly Mars doing her now-famous drag character, Martin. Martin is a sleaze; an arrogant, obnoxious, S.O.B. He is also the most appealing, irresistible pervert to ever grace a lesbian stage.

Martin makes a big deal out of his cock. "All you lesbians need is a big dick up your ass!" he chortles, gasping at his own conceit. But in this case, Martin's cock is a banana poking out of his tuxedo pants. Upon lubricating it slightly with his hands, he breaks off a piece and munches it, mesmerized in his masturbatory pleasure. The audience goes bananas too. Several dykes come up, clamoring for a bite. Never have women merged penis envy and castration fantasy so perfectly. Martin neatly slices through the phallic curtain, and blow jobs will never be the same again.

Lesbian videos have cleared a trail in two respects—by bringing female masculinity to the screen, as Shelly does with her humor, and showing attractive butches.

The other dyke-inspired innovation is showing women's orgasms in all their glory and variety. The task isn't necessarily a lesbian responsibility, but I guess

(continued on page 38)

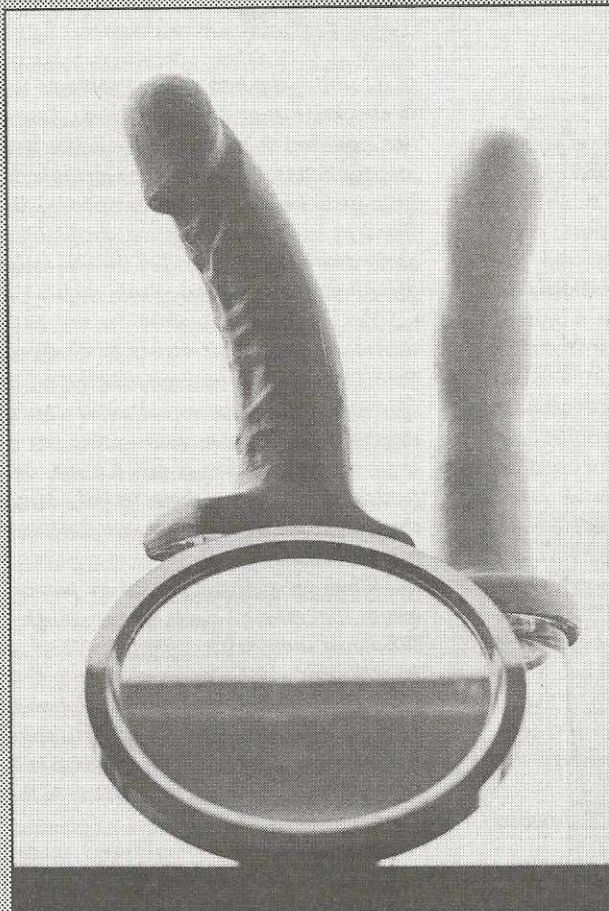


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SUICIDE IN THE SEX INDUSTRY

... "FEW STRIPPERS
HAD HER BEAUTY,
CREATIVITY,
SOPHISTICATION."

HELL OR HEAVEN?

Dear Fanny: I'm an erotic dancer and have been performing for eight years. Last week, a stripper friend of mine, one of my first friends in the business, committed suicide. Few strippers had her beauty, creativity, or sophistication. She was also studying to become a nurse/midwife. I was intrigued by her from the moment we met because she was so independent and sex positive without ever having been involved in some feminist or sex group. She was focused on what she wanted from life and other people, and told them so — sometimes very defiantly. She was unhappy with her relationships and angry about something, but still, how could kill herself?

I'm feeling real bad, and have a hard time going to work at the theater. I am creeped out about my whole career in this business. Maybe what they say is true — "I'm may not giving away my body, I'm giving away my soul." I'm scared.

Depressed

Dear Depressed: Depression is repressed or hidden anger. Maybe you're angry that a woman who was part of your support system, presenting sexual entertainment

to a public who has major problems with it, checked out and left you alone. Sounds like you feel it proves true all the stereotypes about sex performers: unstable, lost little girls looking for love, not sex; destined to succumb to abuse, drugs or an early death. If we got rid of the sex industry, all would be saved. Yeah, right.

Yes, women who work in sex entertainment have their issues to work out. Perhaps it's childhood sexual abuse, adolescent acting-out, or sexual politics. Maybe they're students or mothers using sex entertainment to make a quick buck, or to feed the drug habit of their old lady. Maybe they want to get a foot in the entertainment door.

What artist is not fueled by personal issues or money and career motives? Whatever their drive, it inspires their art. Is stripping art? Painters didn't think photography was legitimate art when the camera was invented, and unfortunately, strippers have an even harder time being recognized as dancers and artists in their own right.

Few of us could withstand a daily putdown of what we did for a living, yet this is what strippers face on and off the job, from close friends to acquaintances. More twisted yet, is the incredible fascina-

tion people have with what strippers do, usually followed by all the problems they have with it.

Sex is a loaded medium. I know too many people who met and fell in love with strippers because they were strippers and symbolized hard-to-come-by personal freedom and sexual desire. Then, once the lover gives the stripper the promise of their love, the rules change. 'I will only love you if you quit working.' 'I am too jealous to let others see what is mine.' 'How can you love me and do THAT.'

THAT happens to be their self-expression and their livelihood. To make a stripper, or anyone, choose between love or her self-integrity, is to destroy her trust in intimacy, her self-esteem, and to play on her fears of abandonment. It's a nasty, fucked up business—and I'm not talking about the sex industry.

But you and other performers aren't total victims, my dear. If you let it happen to you, it's because you won't own the reasons why you are stripping. Aside from the personal motivators I listed above, there is the medium itself—public sexual performance. Why do filmmakers choose film as a medium? Obviously, they have an interest and talent for it; some of them have a real gift. They want to influence the public and receive recognition. They get a rush off creating a great film.

When a stripper wraps an audience around her finger, the feelings of success and personal power she feels when she floats off stage are intensely pleasurable. Most erotic performers are motivated by more than just a desire for any old job that keeps them off welfare. A stripper dances erotically because she has a passion for sex and wants the world to know it. If you don't own that, you can shoot all that passion up your arm.

There is a ton of self-denial among most erotic performers. You can see this

when a dancer puts on a great stage performance, and then talks backstage in a self-denigrating way about herself, other strippers, or the audience. She misinterprets a quiet audience as dead instead of mesmerized. She expects a standing ovation and does not realize that, like any other audience, a stunned, troubled or humored viewer reaction is often an equal or greater compliment.

Many strippers become impatient or insulted by curious questions from their fans, not understanding that it is the description and obligation of being a performer. Fans will be titillated, star-struck, nervous, or obnoxious in your presence. They will ask ill-informed questions, pry into your personal life, or demand unreasonable things from you because you are not real to them. That's because you have succeeded in convincing them of your fantasy character through a successful performance. They see the star, not the common woman.

Too many strippers, especially the talented ones, piss and moan about what they want to do with their lives. They blame stripping for their problems, or take their anger out on their fans. The not-so-talented ones do their best at convincing you they have no talent at all. Stop putting down your applause!

You are in a hard profession: beauty and freedom scorned. Get in touch with your anger about that. Suicide is a shock. It is also anger turned inward. Remind yourself what is precious to you in life. Then, do a dance for your friend and everyone who is struggling to find support and recognition for who they are and what they do.

DECEIVING LOOKS

Dear Fanny: I have heard of "fag hags", but have never heard of a term for straight men who are attracted to gay women. Are there such a terms? If so, is there an organization for us? Is there any research or theory why this phenomenon may occur?

As you may guess I am such a person. I have often wondered why such an attraction exists. I have ruled out "forbidden fruit" and "desire to conquer and convert" theories. I am not effeminate, have no desire to dress like a woman (though I sometimes fantasize about shaving my body hair), and have never felt like a woman trapped in a man's body. In fact, I feel real comfortable with my masculinity. I am not macho and find that attitude disgusting.

I have always related better to women.

In grade school I liked the girls when all the other boys didn't, and in college I had more platonic friendships with women than with men. I currently have a straight women lover that's satisfying, and am not looking for sex with lesbian women. But I find myself fantasizing about a lesbian friend asking me to father her child, or sleeping with a man once for the experience, or having a long term intimate relationship with a bisexual woman. What is this all about?

Confused

Dear Confused: You do have a name, and it's called "dyke daddy". There is no association or group that I have heard of, however, there are adult movie theaters full of single men sitting side by side thinking they are the only ones with non-vanilla sexual desires. It's so like men not to be honest about their sexual feelings, especially with other guys, and to think they are all alone in the world of sexual variations.

You are projecting your hidden desires onto lesbians. Dyke daddys, or as I like to call them "The New Bisexuals", would love to be fucked in the ass and think only a lesbian would do it to them because straight women are too uptight. I suggest you start expressing yourself to yourself, and then search out a straight woman who understands and possesses some of the qualities you like in lesbian women.

Dyke daddys are typically, as you describe yourself, neither overly masculine nor especially effeminate. You are much more subtle with your masculine and feminine expressions. You like being male, but are intrigued with that hidden female in you.

Let go and explore. I guarantee it will not turn you into a transsexual, homosexual or monster from the deep lagoon. Play with your femininity in a sexual way. Spend one of those lazy, kinky kind of afternoons shaving your hair. Dress up in some lingerie and try your hand at a bit of eyeliner. Look at some pics of other men doing the same and masturbate. Enjoy your body and how it looks.

Stop the unrequited love routine towards lesbians, and begin fulfilling your own real needs. You deserve to get support for your effort at redefining masculine sexuality. But you have to do the work of mustering the guts to accept and express who you are first. Δ

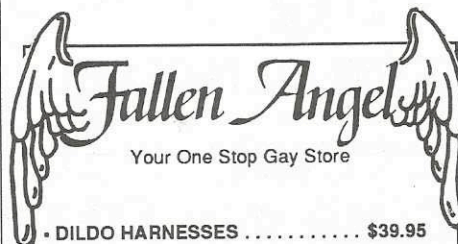
Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to: Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.



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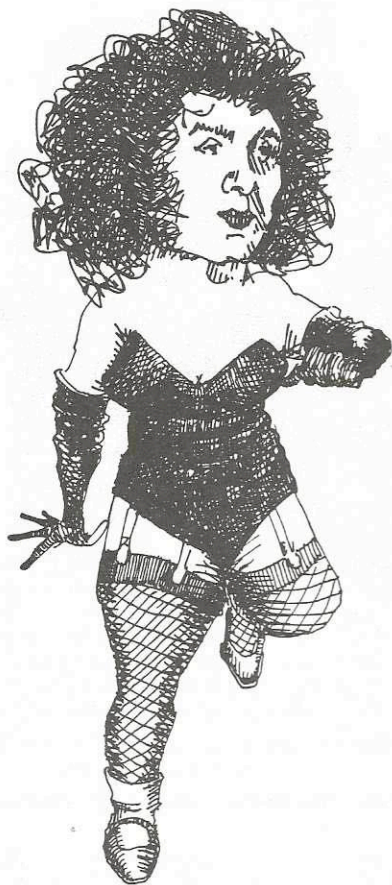
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Dworkin Saves Us From Ourselves



I KNOW ALL ABOUT S/M!

What does lesbian sexual freedom mean to you? To renowned radical feminist author and activist Andrea Dworkin, it means monogamous vanilla sex; uncluttered by sex toys, power games, or external sexual imagery. In an interview with feminist newspaper *Off Our Backs* (Jan. '90), Ms. Dworkin makes it clear that any other form of lesbian sexuality is sexist and patriarchal, and she targets *On Our Backs* as one of the prime offenders. Here are a few of the juicier tidbits:

"I know what sadomasochism is. I know what all those feelings are...What I think is that it has to change and that we do not celebrate our powerlessness and call it freedom." "Intercourse has nothing to do with lesbians or lesbian sexuality." (Ask Good Vibrations about their dildo sales sometime, Andrea). "There has always been a refusal to take male identification among lesbians seriously . . .

sadomasochism and the lesbian pornography is a very logical expression of this."

Is there a difference between pornography and erotica? Yes, says Dworkin, they're very separate and easily identifiable and definable. Erotica "shows mutuality and reciprocity and equality" and is therefore okay, although she questions "why people would need it if they were indeed making love with each other and happy."

Frankly, Ms. Dworkin, we find your attitudes about lesbian sex restrictive, oppressive, and yes, patriarchal. The idea that women who enjoy penetration or S/M or pornography are brainwashed or co-opted or don't know what they want is utterly patronizing. The idea that we should be protected from objectionable ideas is right-wing and Orwellian. But thank you for sharing.

Hustler Rates The Dykes

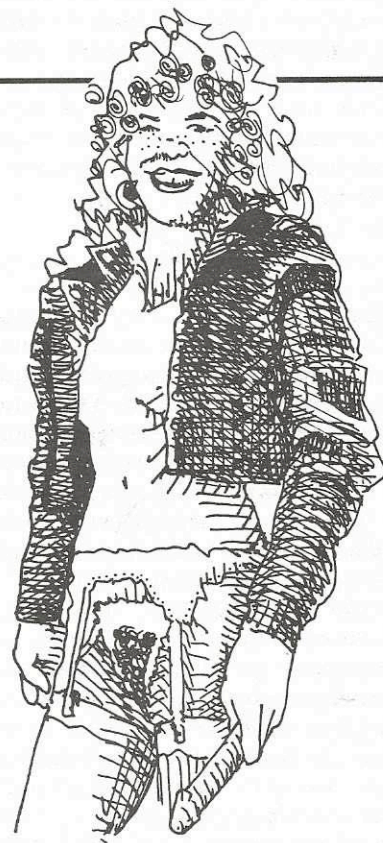
If you know any Dworkinites out there who still think lesbian porn is "male-identified," sock it to 'em with this bit of news. *Fatale Video*, the by-lesbians-for-lesbians video company, has received its first scathing review — from, predictably enough, *Hustler Erotic Video Review*.

Hustler's critique bemoaned the lack of close-up genital action and complained that the actresses were physically less than perfect. The review contained sensitive and insightful comments like, "We can never get a good shot of cunt...there are no entry shots ever." "I've always called these 'grandma legs'." " (Actress) Fanny (is) a would-be drag queen with a huge perm wig." "The no-titted Mariko takes forever to get around to jerking off." "Let's get down to business."

Needless to say, the femmes *Fatale* took this manly chastisement with all the submission of a harpy in heat. Debi Sundahl, producer and

director of the maligned videos, calmly responded.

"We don't make videos for a Hustler audience because your fixation with the old in-and-out is A BORE...Ever see a g-spot ejaculation before? Nope. Too threatening to think that a woman could shoot further and more than a guy ever dreamed. Sorry you felt so emasculated after watching that scene that you had to reduce Fanny to a drag queen. Is (a woman's) early thirties too old for you, you pedophile?...Take a look at *Hungry Hearts*. I guarantee it will be the last of our videos that you'll ever begrudgingly like. Our next one will be two butch fag dykes ass fucking each other after a rape chase scene. Your worst nightmare. Could be you they catch and fuck."



"SHUT UP," FANNY EXPLAINED.

The Wearin' O' The Lavender

Why is it that gay liberation, proceeding at a snail's pace here in the land of the free, is moving forward by great leaps and bounds overseas? The latest turn of events took place in Ireland, not usually noted for its vastly progressive ideas of sexual freedom. The Irish Parliament has passed an "Incitement to Hatred Act," making it illegal to utter public comments which abuse, insult, or incite hatred against certain minority groups, including gays and lesbians. (They're not out of the woods yet, though — Ireland is one of the few European countries in which sodomy is still a crime.)

Predictably, this new law received virtually no attention in the American press until it was broken by heavy metal singer and ambassador of good will, Jon Bon Jovi. At a concert in Dublin, Mr. Jovi referred to the Los Angeles Rams as a "bunch of fucking faggots" after their defeat of his favorite football team, the New York Giants. He issued a public apology after being threatened with action under the new law by Ireland's National Gay Federation. Well, don't be too hard on the boy — he probably thought he was in South Carolina.

Iowa Cracks Down on Sex

Americans don't need the government to police its sex life; we're perfectly willing and able to do it on our own. North Side neighbors, a community group in Des Moines, Iowa, has sent out the following letter to over fifty sex-crazed criminals:

Your (description of vehicle) was seen picking up a prostitute in the vicinity of (area) in Des Moines on (date), at approximately (time).

We hope you realize that by participating in such behavior, you risk criminal prosecution as well as exposing yourself — and possibly your family — to public humiliation and a host of diseases, including the deadly AIDS virus.

Prostitution is unacceptable, and it will not be tolerated in our neighborhood any longer. A detailed description of your vehicle, complete with the license number, has been circulated to area residents.

What if the shoe were on the other foot? We imagine a community booster group, Dykes for Decency, searching out transgressors against truth and light and sending out letters like these:

"You have been observed using a public toilet without the protection of a paper toilet seat cover. We hope you realize that you have exposed yourself and your family to the possibility of public humiliation (like this one), as well as to cooties and really gross germs and stuff."

"Your teenage sons have been seen



hanging around record stores, purchasing heavy metal music and oogling girls. If you cannot instill your children with the proper respect for females, they will be taken away from you and given to foster mothers."

"Your vehicle was seen parked at the War Memorial Football Stadium on (date); its passengers were observed participating in a bizarre bonding ritual known as a "tailgate party." This pseudo-military patriarchal behavior is unacceptable and will not be tolerated in our community any longer. A detailed description of your vehicle and the respective genital sizes of its passengers has been circulated to members of the community."

How about it, girls? Let's get the ball rolling.

Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts? Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to: Sextracts, On Our Backs, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Sextracts: Greta Christina
Illustrations: Kris Kovick

DRAWING THE LINE

Over the last several years, the lesbian community has expanded its boundaries and definitions dramatically. Remember how it used to be? You weren't a "real" lesbian if you: used dildos, slept around, wore heels and make-up, did S/M, dug Miami Vice, weren't in a long-term relationship and didn't want to be, liked porn, fucked strangers, or thought Mick Jagger was cool and Holly Near was a geek. Along with our great increases in self-acceptance (and the somewhat meager increases in acceptance by straight society) has come greater flexibility, a rejoicing in diversity that wasn't around 15 years ago.

Bisexual Women in the Lesbian Community

But lines continue to be drawn, and walls built on those lines. Suburban lesbians with kids and dogs and pastel sweaters and station wagons are considered highly suspicious, not really "committed to the community." Any divergence from the political party line is often seen as treason at best and latent heterosexuality at worst. Some of the old taboos are still being battled over — read the letters to *On Our Backs* that bitch about how hetero it is to show women who like to get fucked. And even though we're beginning to accept masculinity enough to deal with butches and dildos, the line is still drawn firmly and solidly at bisexuality. "They're not really one of us." Why is that?

The issue of identity, labels, definitions, is crucial to most individuals and



PATRICIA LEE ALLARE

Will the real dyke please stand up?

cultures, and perhaps even more crucial for countercultures. Figuring out who we are is largely a process of elimination: we often find out who we are by finding out what we aren't. Many lesbians and gays first figure out their preference when they realize that they're "not like everyone else." And the gay and lesbian community is at least partly defined by exclusion — we are the ones who are not straight. There comes a point, though, when the label that frees us from one box can propel us into another. If the line between two worlds, stepped over with so much fear and anticipation, becomes a prison, jealously guarded against all intrusion and contamination and doubt, then its usefulness must be questioned.

So maybe a better question is, not why draw the line at bisexuality, but why draw the line at all?

The very existence of bisexuality is, on some level, extremely threatening to gay identity. To acknowledge bisexuality means to accept blurring some definitions, questioning some labels. When you ask "What is a bisexual?" and start exploring the wide range of possible answers, it automatically begs the question, "What is a lesbian?"

Look at it. For me, being bi means I mostly like to fuck women, and I also like

to fuck men. For Joan, it means that she's attracted to both men and women, regardless of who she is or isn't humping. For Sandra, it means that she only gets serious about women, but is willing to fuck men for fun as well. Marta, who's been monogamously married to a man for some time, says she's bi because she's been involved with women in the past and is still attracted to them. Rachel, on the other hand, is sexual almost entirely with women, but occasionally likes to tie men up and dominate them — she also calls herself bi. The key factor can be who you're attracted to, who you're willing to sleep with, who you're actually screwing, who you fall in love with. And the key factor is different for each woman. It's very hard to pin down.

It's also hard to pin down what it means to be a lesbian. Is a lesbian: a woman who only fucks other women? That would include bi women who're monogamously involved with other women. A woman who doesn't fuck men? That would include celibate straight women. A woman who would never get seriously involved with men? Rules out lesbians who've been married in the past. A woman who never has sexual thoughts about men? That excludes dykes who are into heavy and complex gender play, who get off on gay men's porn, or who are maybe just curious. Do you have to be 100% directed at women and away from men in thought, feeling, word, and deed

GRETA CHRISTINA

from birth to death to qualify as a "real" lesbian? That would rule out all but about two women on the planet. I hope they can find each other.

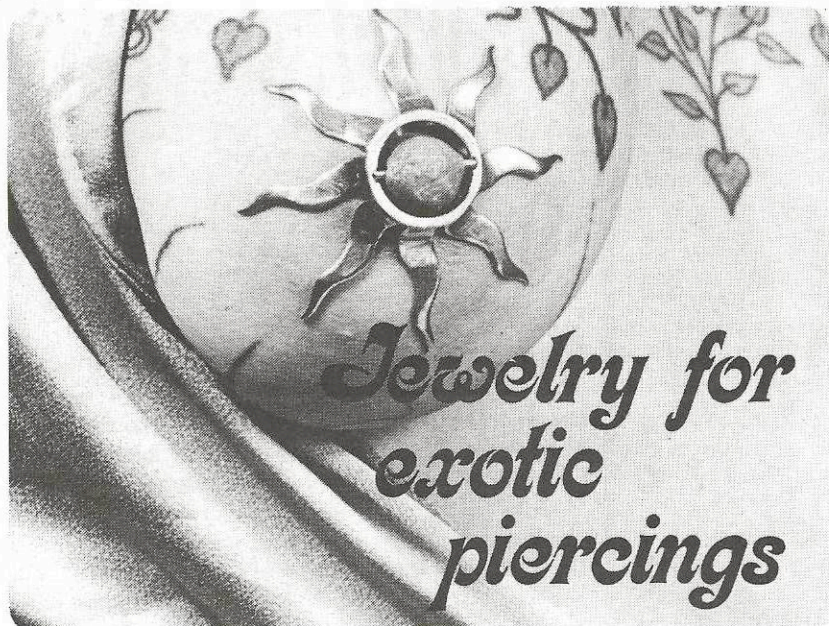
Therefore, if you accept bisexuality as a real and valid sexual option, defining lesbian identity becomes an exercise in ambiguity and imprecision rather than clarity and coherence. Since the lesbian struggle for identity is already a formidable one in a world that defines women as asexual and homosexuals as evil, any additional complications may seem intolerable. Bisexuality is therefore commonly cast out, dismissed as either wicked or non-existent.

This may be where some of the myths about bisexuals, who we are and what we do, come from. To name just a few: All bisexuals like sex with either gender equally. We're not willing to ever do without sex with both genders, and are therefore promiscuous by nature and unable to be monogamous. We're bisexual because we're so uncontrollably sex-crazed that we don't care who we fuck. Being open to sex and/or love with men makes us unable to be seriously committed to the lesbian community. When the going gets tough, we can always conceal our gay side and hide out in straight society. Like psychic vampires, we suck energy out of the women's community and pour it into the world of men. We contaminate the women's community with the energy we get from our contact with men. We're really lesbians in our hearts, but are too cowardly to renounce the straight world and come out as gay. We're really just kinky straight women, fooling with girls for weird kicks until Mr. Right comes along. We relate to men as heterosexuals and to women as lesbians; we're confused, fence-sitting, split personalities. We're in transition from our false identity as straight to our true identity as lesbian.

I don't intend to go through these misconceptions one by one and explain why they're mistaken. I would simply like to point out that they all serve the same function: to marginalize the bisexual identity as either illusory (transitional gay or kinky straight) or as a character flaw (promiscuous, uncommitted, cowardly, confused). They put bisexuality in a place where it isn't taken seriously, and thus doesn't threaten the purity of lesbian identity.

The idea of purity is a pervasive one in the community, and, I believe, an insidious one. The notion is that, because

(continued on page 35)



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♪ They go wild, simply wild, over me. ♪

Foxy Frances and the Fabulous Vixens were the smash hit at the 2nd West Coast Conference for Old Lesbians; a convention of lesbians over 60 covering the gamut of legal, political, health, and relationship issues facing older women. When the evening's entertainment began, Frances and the Vixens took their sultry cabaret act to the stage.

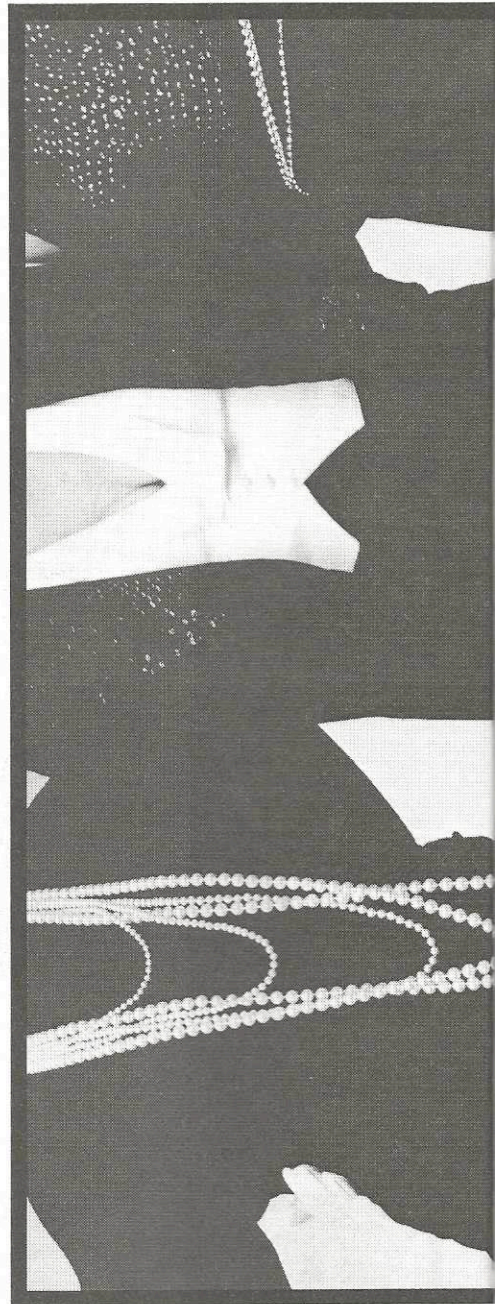
Foxy Frances Lorraine, 67, didn't start her singing career until she was 60. She hopes her performances encourage women of all ages to grow old joyfully. The Vixens are Dr. Sally Binford and Sarah Davis, both 66 years old. Dr. Binford has a Ph.D. in anthropology, and has been active in sex education for 15 years. She felt the conference needed some zing. For Ms. Davis, who began taking drama lessons in 1987, the performance was a transformation from blue jeans and a leather jacket to high-heels and rhinestones.

The audience response? They simply went wild!





FOXY FRANCES & The Fabulous Vixens





Photos by
Honey Lee Cottrell

Kiss in the Mirror

by Jimmie Pearl



cism is on opposites, couples who look as unlike each other as possible; the sexual tension created by contrast. It's one aspect of, if not the same thing as, the contemporary revival of butch/femme roles. It's a reaction against the 1970's ideal of lesbian-lovers-as-sister-spirits; looking alike, dressing alike, and supposedly playing identical roles in and out of bed. Our modern, dark, leather-clad butches and high-heeled blonde femmes are invoking an old, potent paradigm of difference to counter what's been seen as an incredibly boring image of vanilla sameness, and more power to them. Do we always have to settle on one model of lesbian eroticism and denigrate all other expressions of sexuality as passé, incorrect, or only of interest to the hopelessly unattractive and repressed? I believe the more, the kinkier, the better and yes, I *do* have a labyris to grind here.

As is obvious to anyone taking a quick peek around half the girls' clubs in town on

a Saturday night, the cult of *sameness* is still alive and kicking. How many lesbian couples do we know who look like twins? Why have Miss M. and Sandra B. been making so many appearances in identical drag, if not to reinforce the suspicions they've so carefully cultivated? Did you all catch last year's *People* spread on Kristy McNichol, with charmingly twee picture of Kristy and "ex-housemate" Ina Liberace wearing matching dresses, Kristy's black with white trim and Ina's white with black? Inversion didn't die with *The Well of Loneliness* in the 1920's, it just got more chic.

A lot of us just can't deny that there's a thrill in loving a mirror image of ourselves, sometimes literally. One ex and I used to watch ourselves making love in the mirror. She would look at our reflected doubles and sigh "Oh, we are so beautiful." So what if lesbian narcissism is a cliché—it still packs a wallop.

What is it about loving someone who looks just like you? A renunciation of sexual challenge and tension? Shallow, sickly romanticism, something the well-adjusted lesbian gets over by the time she's out of high school? Well, remember that Freud & Co. thought lesbians' (all lesbians—early psychoanalysts weren't hip to the different codes



"How many lesbian couples do we know who look like twins?"



of various gay groups and identities) choice of a love object similar to themselves was evidence of emotional immaturity. Unwilling to make the transition to a mature sexuality oriented towards the "other" (i.e. Men or Daddy), the lesbian remained fixated on either her mother or herself, depending on whom you talked to, as an object of desire. Lesbianism represented infantilism, selfishness and a superficial eroticism that refused the challenges of adult (hetero) sexuality. Bear this in mind next time you're about to rag on a couple of girls who look like Tweedledum and Tweedledee—Papa Sigmund already said it, and many others have echoed him.

Borrowed from Greek myths thousands of years old, the story of Narcissus, the young man who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool of water, has been one of the stories most often applied to lesbians, and, by extension, all women who don't respond to men's desires the way men think they ought to. Narcissus was originally condemned to gaze at his own reflection because he refused heterosexual love. But if lesbian narcissism is a myth, it's one with extraordinary persistence and power, not only in psychoanalysis, but for lesbians themselves. As usual, it seems that shrinks have been observing something that is true, even though they've balled up their interpretation of it. If you read the literature lesbians have written from Freud's time on, for example, you'll find that we have indeed often claimed that our lovers were ourselves, or that we desired our mothers, and we're positively monomaniacal about mirrors. (*cont'd on next pg*)



Photos by:

**Morgan Gwenwald
Laurence
Katie Niles
Heidi Machen**

(continued from previous page)

There are mirrors everywhere in just about every major lesbian novel written from the 1920's on. Radclyffe Hall's heroine Stephen Gordon in *The Well of Loneliness* (butch par excellence, by the way) stares obsessively at herself in the mirror. "Woman's [love] is a kiss in the mirror," wrote lesbian novelist Djuna Barnes. In Jane Rules' *Desert of the Heart*, Ann makes love with Silver in mirrored rooms and worked in a casino walled in reflective glass. All the characters keep telling Ann that Evelyn, who becomes her lover, looks so much like her she must be her mother. This, I think, might be at the heart of the whole question of narcissism.

Twenty years after it was published, *Desert of the Heart* was turned into the movie *Desert Hearts*, and the director made Ann and Evelyn (called Kay and Viven in the movie for some reason) strikingly different physical types, reducing their age difference considerably, and removing all references to the mother/daughter twist in their relationship. They also emphasized Ann/Kay's butch aggressiveness and Evelyn/Vivien's straight timidity. Look at the promo pictures for the film, with boyish dark-haired Patricia Charbonneau gazing lasciviously at prim, blonde Helen Shaver, who's staring out of the poster looking completely depressed and repressed. Yeah, it's a familiar story, but it's not the way it happens in the book at all.

In the book, Evelyn is old enough and similar enough to Ann to be her mother. She pursues Ann, who isn't particularly butch, as lustfully as Ann pursues her. That suggests to me that the changes made in the movie adaptation weren't just for the sake of bringing the storyline up to date, in line with the new trends in lesbian relationships. The filmmakers were suppressing the suggestions of a subversive force that helps propel lesbian narcissism—the taboo lure of mother/daughter eroticism.

What was dangerous about that novel, and what was cut out of the film, was that Evelyn did think of Ann as both her child and a woman she wanted passionately. Lesbians get as weirded out as anybody by the idea of their mothers being sexual. I had to stop giving my mother a backrub once because her moans of pleasure sounded like my lover coming. It's an old chestnut that a lot of lesbians, regardless of how "feminine" we feel in general, had to identify with our fathers or brothers or other men before we could express our sexual desires, particularly for other

women. In other words, we sometimes gave up our earlier identification with our mothers, and distance ourselves from the libidinal intensity of our infantile relationships with them, in order to become actively desiring subjects.

Active lust is so strongly coded as a masculine trait in our culture that it's almost impossible for us to conceptualize active, aggressive, feminine desire or to admit that we feel it for or from the women who are literally our own flesh and blood. Many of us can barely acknowledge our mothers as fully sexual beings, accept the sensuality of our relations with them, and model our own sense of female subjectivity on theirs. Far from being a threat-less sexuality, lesbian narcissism might tap into a power we hardly even know how to name: the power created by two female, feminine desiring subjects.

To the traditional voyeur, lesbian narcissism looks like two women looking at themselves, each objectifying each other as the inanimate mirror of herself. Like Virginia Woolf said, "Women have always been looking glasses for men, reflecting them at twice their natural size." In that system, women don't exist at all, just Woman.

When lesbians reflect each other, however, they still see each other. There are two objects and two subjects, desiring and desired, the images reflected and then reflected again. Men can only think that loving, lustful gaze is narcissistic because it excludes them.

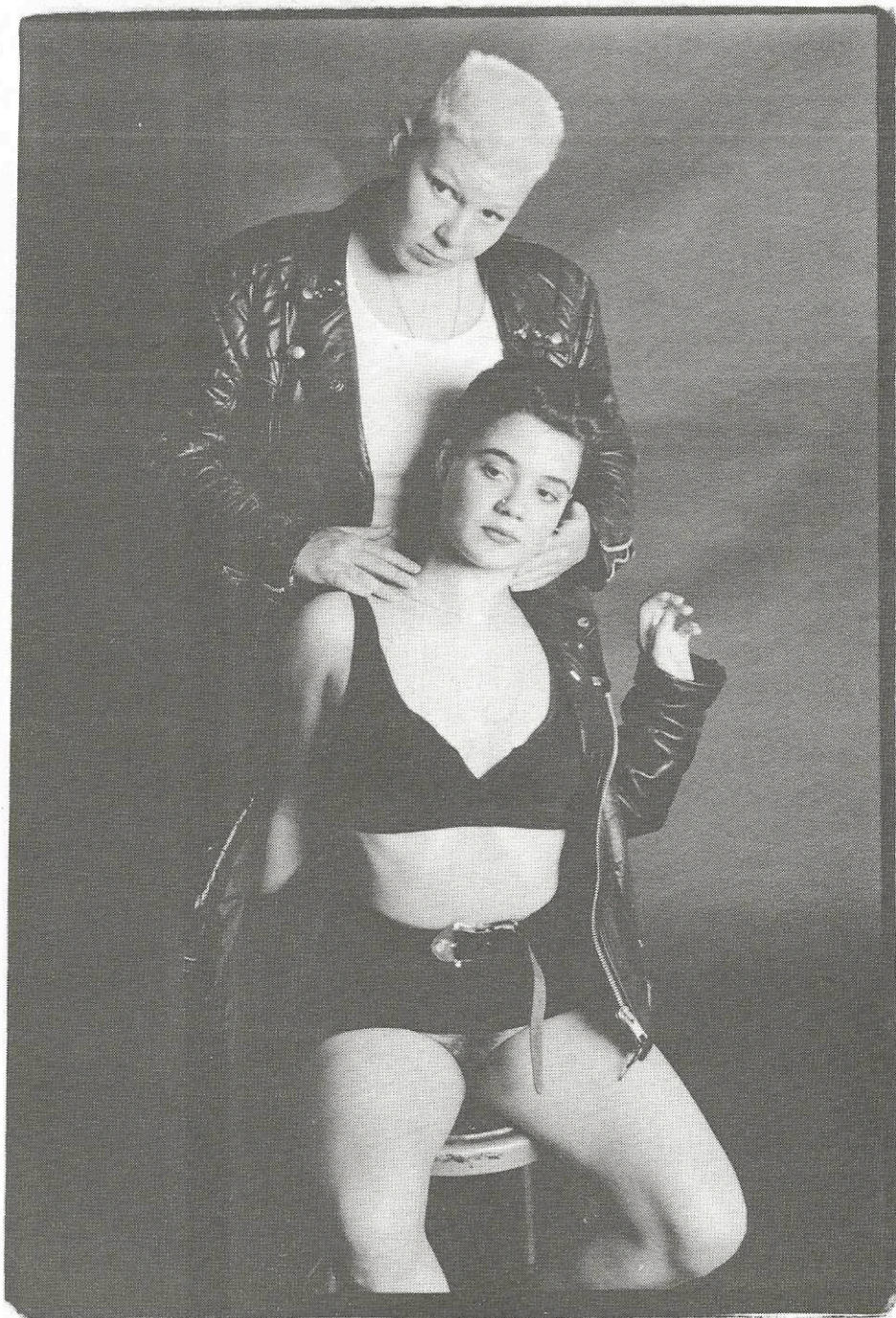
What you or I see, looking at a woman who is like us, is still, always, different from us. For me, at least, the distance between two minds, two bodies, myself and another, is never really eliminated, and the initial leap between them is always terrifying and exhilarating. Sex is always about throwing yourself over the gap to another, separate consciousness. But making love with a woman who is like you, reflects you, also gives you back your mother's body again, the same-but-not-the-same, yourself-in-the-other, all that comfort and power that's so wonderful, scary, dangerous and vital.

The lesbian's fascination with the image in the mirror is not about an obsession with surfaces: it reflects a fierce need to work out the tension between self and other, to tap into primal area of fear and desire. For some of us, narcissistic passion is the most intense, indulgent, compelling, and transgressive kind of eroticism around.

Just ask Sandra. Δ

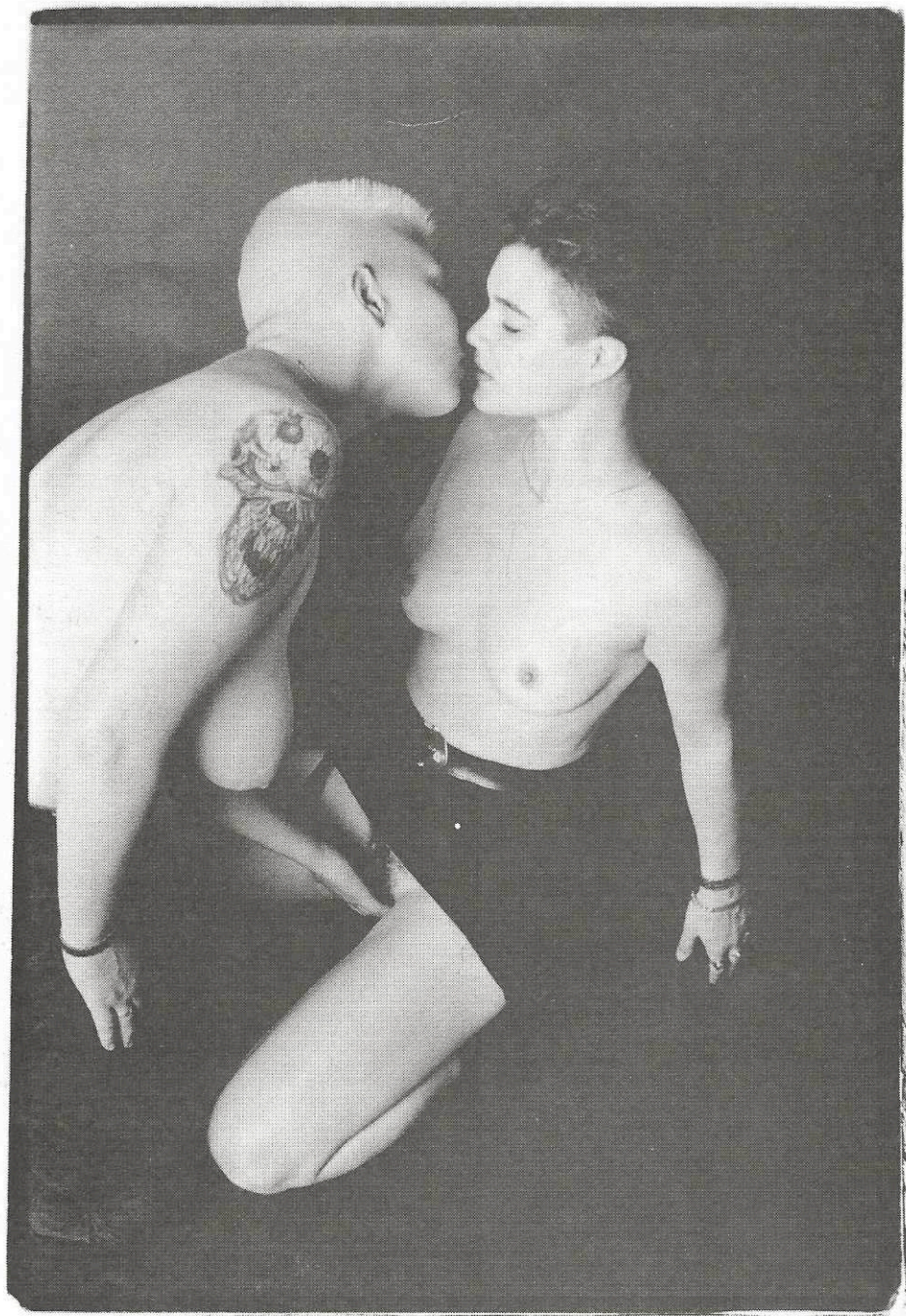


Blond/femme and brunette/butch in the movie — but in the book, the lovers look like mother and daughter.

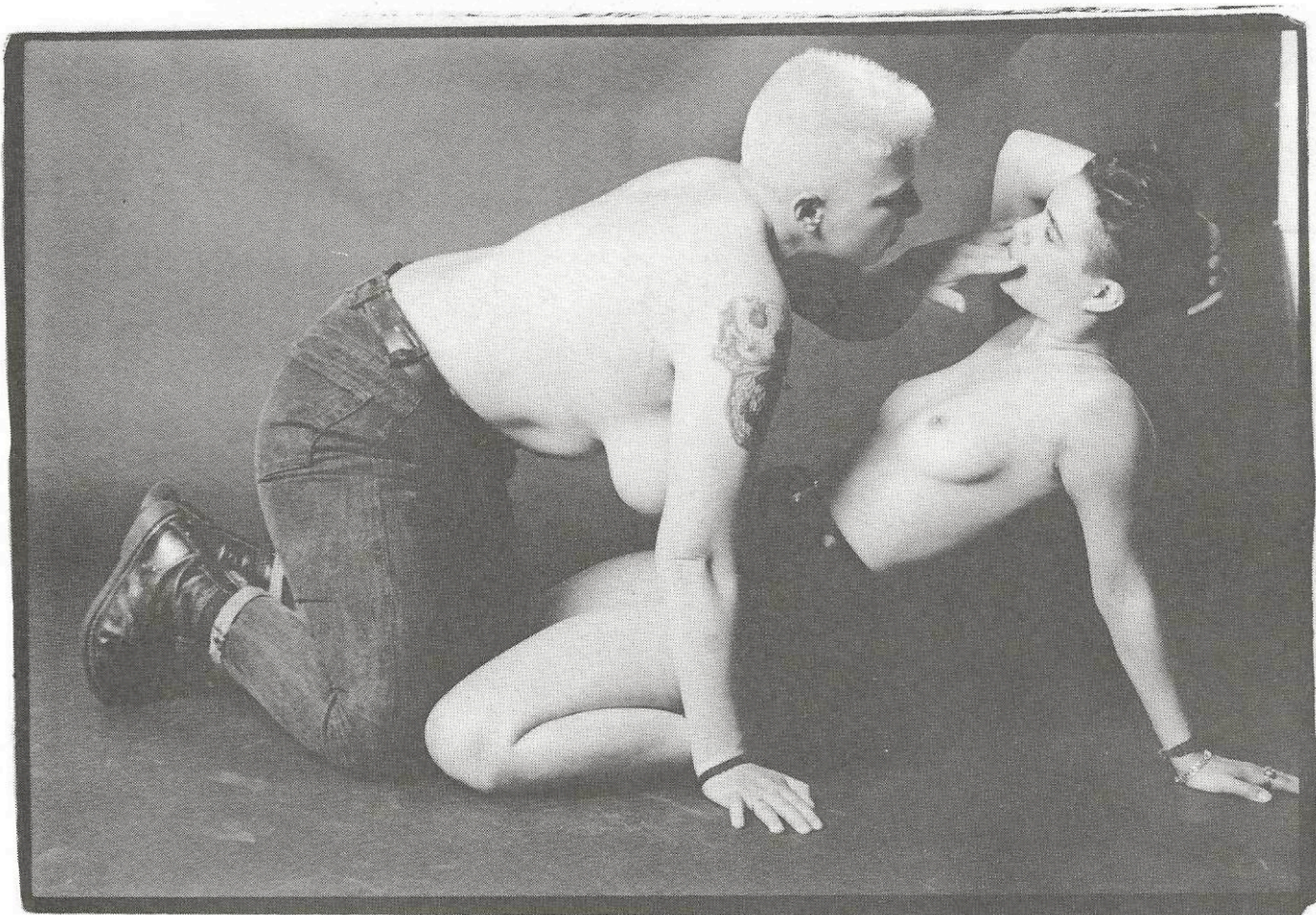


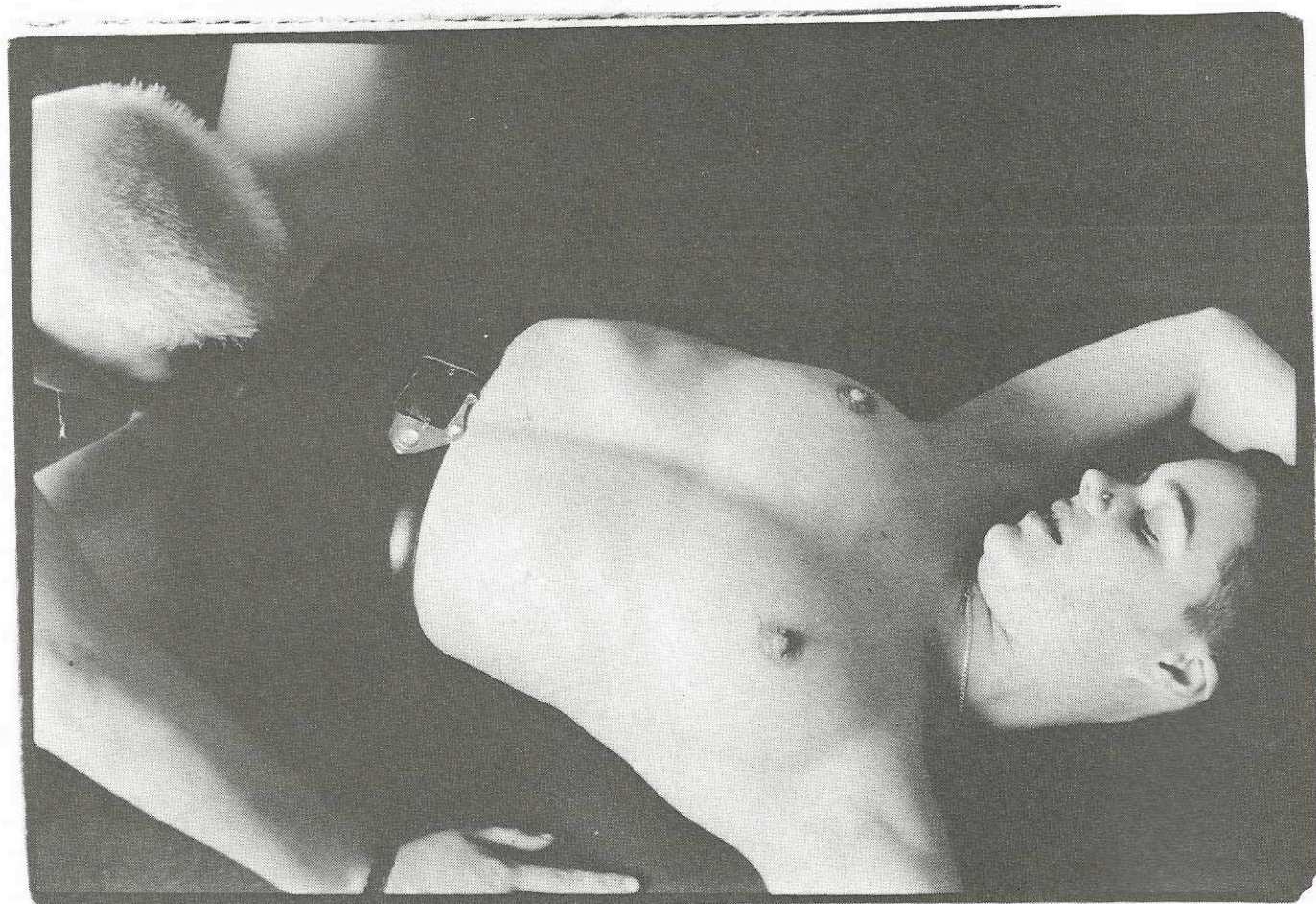
Bear & Aphra

Photos by Jessica Tanzer



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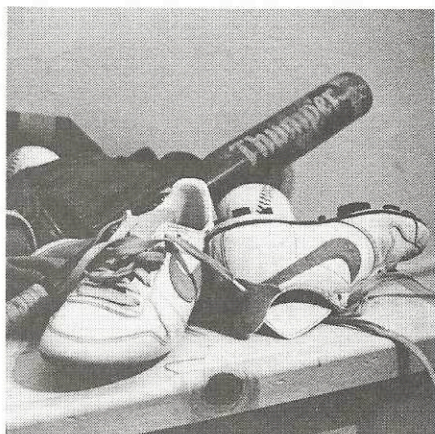








photos by Jessica Brooke Tanzer



LOW & INSIDE

by Gina Dellatte

I clapped the bottom of my cleats together over the locker room wastebasket. The caked infield clay slid from between the points. I grinned. What a game!

My shoulder ached and my muscles burned. Taking a hit from that bitch Jamey as she slid into third was worth it. And so was colliding with her in the basepath while she tried to field a grounder in front of me. This big dyke's reputation was for playing it rough.

I had spent my entire career in the league trying to avoid her, until I realized that the burning rush I felt every time our bodies came together was not totally unpleasant. But she was such an arrogant shit! I'd be damned if she'd ever find out what I was thinking.

Today we'd played so well against our hard-hitting rivals that the local radio station had kept the captain behind for an interview. That was me. So now the locker room was empty and I could replay the game in my mind without interruption. I could remember a win with the same intensity that I could recall good sex.

In fact, winning turned me on.

Maybe I could find a hot number at Stoney's tonight, while the welcome blush of sexual heat still coursed through my

body. Sitting on the bench before my open locker, I started to undress, contemplating a plan for the evening's hunt.

Before I could settle into some serious fantasizing though, my attention was diverted by a faint clicking noise. I tried to identify it, but for endless moments it eluded me. Suddenly a lanky, muscular woman appeared from behind the row of lockers. My stomach leapt.

"You're in the wrong locker room, Jamey." I balled my hands into tight angry fists.

She leaned disdainfully against the cinderblock wall, and announced in her resonant alto voice, "I thought I might find you here, hot dog."

"If you came to start with me," I said quietly, "I'm not in the mood."

Jamey slapped her big carpenter's hands to her thighs, "You're real brave, aren't you, little sister?" She was one of the few people who could call me little. At nearly six feet, Jamey was two inches taller than me, and outweighed me by forty pounds. And she was a handsome woman.

I turned my attention back to my locker, tossing my socks in the laundry bag. Meanwhile, warning bells were going off in my head. Her take-charge attitude kind of turned me on, and I was

(continued on page 42)

"I had spent my entire career in the league trying to avoid her."

bsession

by Martha Miller

I am in the laundromat. Sun falls across a row of harvest gold washing machines and a heaping ashtray that sits on a table nearby. I pace like a caged feline, back and forth through that patch of sun. I watch particles of dust swirl in the sunlight, then eye the ashtray. I will empty it, I think. I pick it up and throw the whole thing in the trash.

My name is Zoe Murdock and I haven't had a cigarette in ten days. There are a thousand things I could tell you about myself, but right now that's all I can think of.

I've washed and put away all the ashtrays at home, and given away my last half-empty carton after trying for days to throw it away. I've bought another pack, agonized, and given it away too. I've chewed gum till my jaws ache and drank so much water it's hard to stray twenty feet from the bathroom.

"The first thing I want besides a cigarette in two weeks and it's a straight woman."

My best friend, Emily, quit a year ago. "When will this damn headache go away?" I ask her.

She says, "Drink water."

"I feel irritable. I'm having mood swings."

"Drink water."

"Just what do people who don't smoke do after sex?" I demand.

"You're so irritable, no one can get close enough to you for sex," she says. "Don't worry about it."

I worry anyway.

I'll tell you what I think they do. I think they get up and go to the bathroom because of all the water. Then they lie in each other's arms and bore themselves to sleep talking about not smoking, because it's all they can think about.

I called Emily this morning.

"This is hard," I complained.

"Yes," Emily agreed. "It is hard."

"I'm angry. Everybody said it would be easier by now."

"It's like childbirth," Emily said. "You forget how hard it was."

It's like childbirth all right, I think. In more ways than one.

I notice things now.

Once, years ago, the house I was buying needed a new roof. I started looking at roofs, noticing their shapes, their colors, their state of repair. I noticed sizes and shapes of shingles. I drove down the same streets and saw the same houses in a different way. Now I notice smokers and non-smokers. I know who they are. I notice movies where no one smokes and movies where everyone smokes. And I'm reduced to throwing away ashtrays in the laundromat.

I am suddenly ashamed. I look around. I am alone except for a young woman who's just come in. She's sorting clothes on a table, while her baby babbles to her from a car seat that sits next to her wicker laundry basket.

I reach into the trash barrel past empty detergent and bleach boxes, past gobs of lint, ashes and cigarette butts to the place where the ashtray has fallen and pull it out.

I sit down on the bench and try to read an old Sunday newspaper someone has left. But I find myself watching the woman stuffing laundry into the washers.

(continued on page 39)

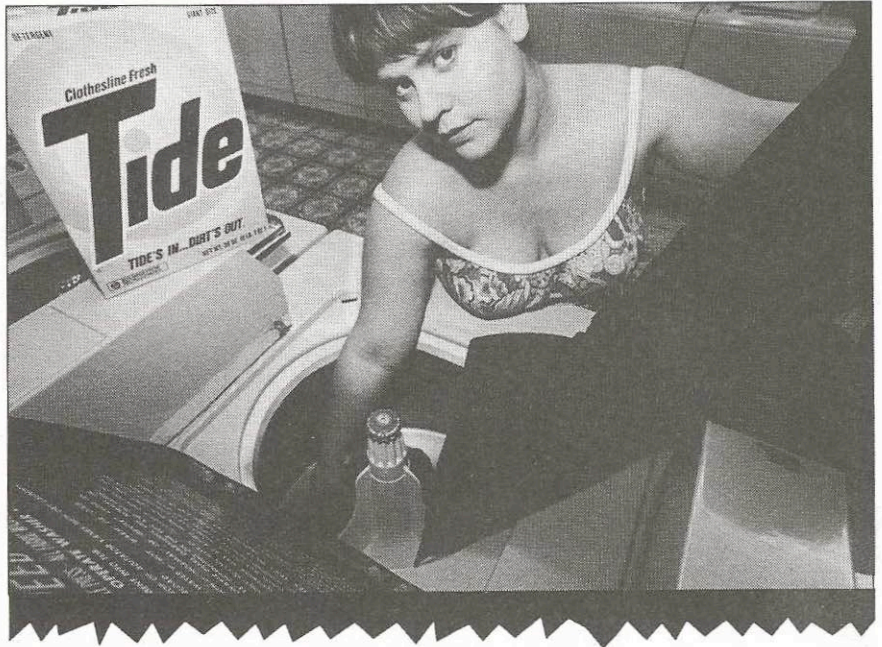
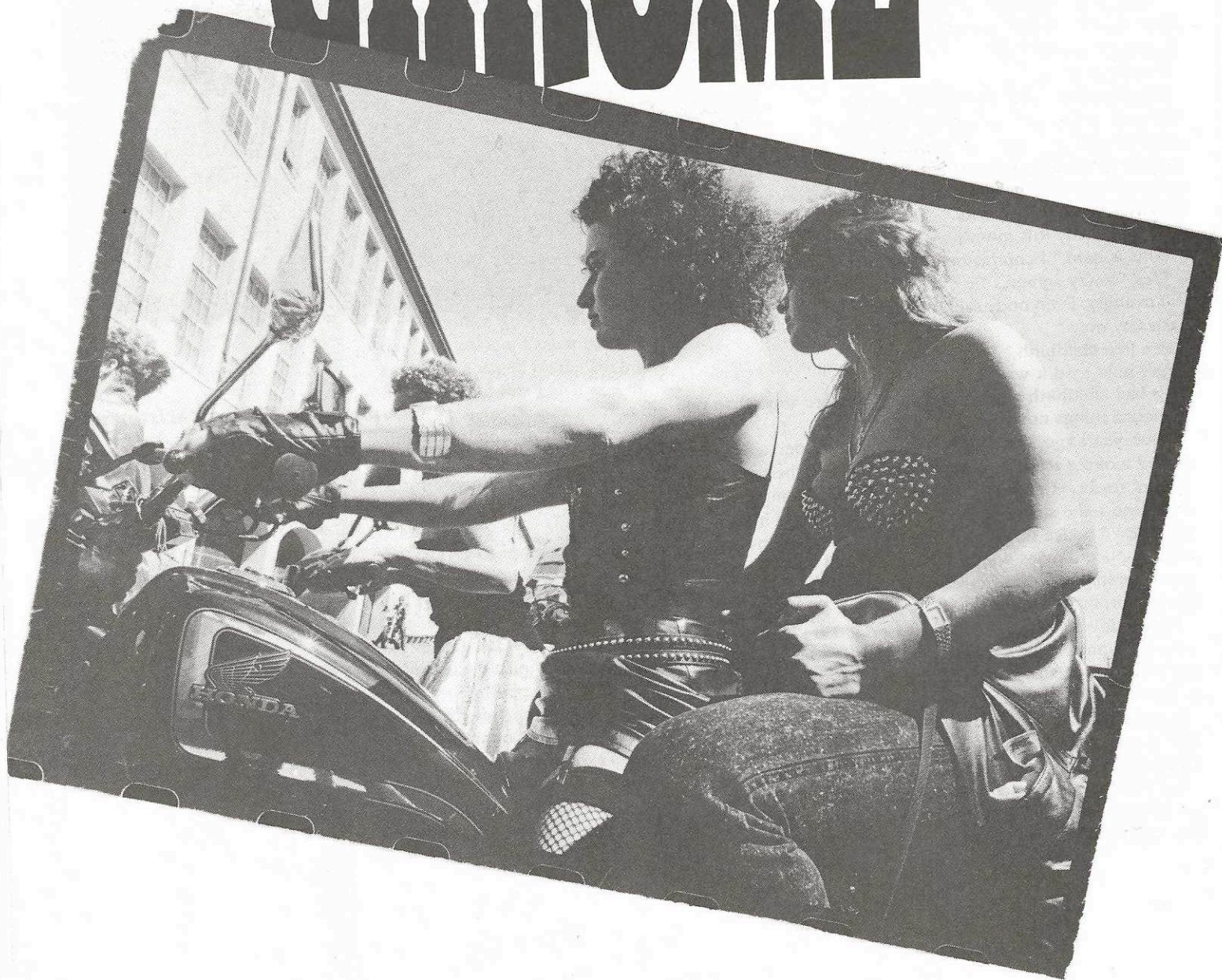


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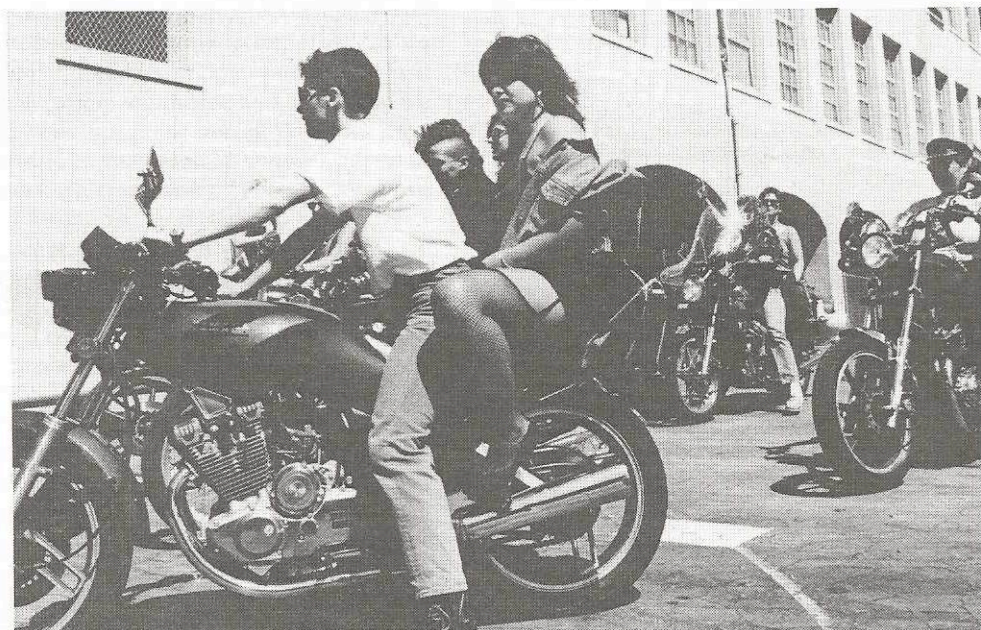
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Photos by



Honey Lee Cottrell

SEXPOINT (continued from page 15)

we're all queer, we must be essentially the same at heart with no fundamental differences, no real diversity or vagueness of definition. This conformist ideal makes our politics and controversy particularly divisive and vicious. It may be why we tend to polarize ourselves into extreme lifestyle choices. Think of all the clean and sober dykes who only see other clean and sober dykes, crystal healers who only date other crystal healers, leather dykes who only socialize with other leather dykes.

If we feel that there's only one right way to be queer, then seeing someone who does it differently forces us to either condemn them as a traitor or perceive of ourselves as failures. Perhaps this is the source of a common complaint against bisexuality: "my girlfriend left me for a man." It seems to be an odd grievance at first: why should it be significantly different and worse to be left for a man than to be left for another woman? The personal rejection may not be much different. But if someone you care for decides that she likes men as well, it calls into question the purity of lesbian identity. Being left for another woman is an unpleasant personal rejection, but being left for a man can feel like a rejection of lesbianism itself.

The idea of purity keeps the community identity strong and simple and unchanging. The idea of maturity does the same for the individual, and is a powerful defense against the spectre of loosely defined identity. The notion is this: you have one basic core identity, embedded in a morass of education and peer pressure and bad upbringing. Any changes you go through in life are simply a process of uncovering that true nature and bringing it to fruition. One's inner nature doesn't change, it just goes through greater or lesser degrees of being realized. Things you did and thought ten years ago you now chalk up to youthful inexperience.

This idea is especially powerful with respect to sexual identity. We all "know," supposedly, that sexual identity is formed very young and remains fixed from then on; and that coming out is a process of discovering and accepting your essential gayness and revealing it to the world. This is where the idea of bisexuality as a transitional state seems to come from; although the idea that, for some people, homosexuality is a transitional state in coming out as bi isn't looked at very often. It's very disconcerting.

There's another idea, though, that's

even more disconcerting. What if the evolution of your sexual preference and behavior — for example, dating men, finding you're attracted to women, deciding you're bi and dating both, falling in love with a woman, coming out as a dyke, sleeping only with women, then occasionally screwing men, etc. etc. — what if these changes don't reflect a growing and lessening perception of your true nature, but instead reflect an actual changing self? What if your place on the sexual spectrum isn't one tiny fixed dot, but a large and imprecise realm? What if finding out who you are isn't something you do once and get it over with, but something you keep doing, rediscovering, and revealing, for the rest of your life?

Why is it so easy to think of sexual identity as a matter of discovering which of two or three distinct and unrelated enemy camps we belong to, and so hard to think of it as a continuum, or as several continuums, that we move back and forth over throughout our lives?

And, perhaps the most difficult question of all, why is it so important to find a label that fits?

The need for conformity is great in an oppressed class. Identity is so fragile when it's constantly bombarded with assaults on its validity, and the need for clear definitions and secure limits can be powerful. In a deviant subculture like the lesbian community, trying to build strength and coherence in the face of bigotry and fear, ambiguity can seem like instability, and divergence can seem like treason. And yet, for the gay and lesbian community, the paradox is that our strength, our very *existence*, is founded on sexual liberation, on acceptance of diversity and the breaking of boundaries. How can we demand of the straight world, "We will love whom we choose and in the way we choose, you must accept us as we are," and then turn around and tell others in our own community, "The way you love is misguided and wrong; we will not accept you because you are not exactly like us." Crazy. Crazy.

Acknowledging bisexuality presents a real challenge to traditional ideas of sexual identity. The lesbian community can create a rigid and restrictive self-definition, defending ourselves suspiciously against intruders (and periodically purging traitors from the ranks). Or we can accept the fluidity of a sexual continuum, subjective self-definition, and an imprecisely defined community, and allow anyone to call herself a dyke if she feels it's right for her. Δ

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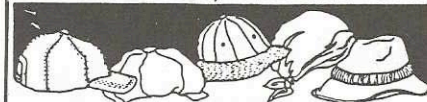
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CAL VISTA

Can the commercial porn industry create videos that accurately reflect lesbian sexuality?

T *True Love*, *Sorority Pink II*, and *Coming of Age*, were all nominated for "Lascivious Lesbian Award" at this year's X-Rated Critic's Organization Adult Film and Video Awards.

Otherwise known as the Porno Oscars, this event is held every Valentine's Day in Los Angeles. Critics cast their ballots for Best Copulation Scene, Torrid Triad Scene, and Stud of the Year, and the winners are presented with heart-shaped trophies aptly titled, "Heart-Ons".

Erotic illiterates might scoff at the notion of giving awards to a pornographic genre, not to mention a prize for best lesbian experience. The seasoned skeptics, however, wonder if the commercial porn industry can create videos

that accurately reflect lesbian sexuality. Most girl/girl action is discredited by lesbian viewers as being fake, boring, and ignorant of gay values. Yet as more and more bisexual and lesbian identified women are making their presence known in the adult film business, their on-screen sexuality is definitely having an impact.

Whatever your sexual preference is, there is one standard when it comes to viewing porn: Are the women really getting off, in, on, under, and all over each other? Is the passion splashing the screen? Whether the women are terrific

LISA LaBIA

actresses or they're honestly horny doesn't matter, as long as the viewer believes in the image.

I've been a big fan of all girl features since I bought a VCR to go with my vibrator. In 1985, I practically camped out in front of the video store, with an equally-obsessed pornophile pal, waiting to get my paws on a copy of *Aerobisex Girls*. This commercial video, now a lesbian cult classic, is an all-girl feature that culminates in the slickest, slurpiest, oil orgy I've ever seen. I played that tape until the oxide wore off!

Over the years, I've scanned through hundreds of straight porn videos, always searching for a winner and usually ending up with a dud. There are plenty of reasons for duds: out-of-sync, overzealous moaning; passive, predictable penetration; and too many big dicks attached to homely guys, just to name a few. For me, a film is a winner on two counts: when it genuinely represents sexuality or when it dares to display eccentric eroticism.

True Love, starring Barbara Dare and April West, is a mainstream milestone. This video's success is a combination of high production quality: smooth editing, subdued lighting, and a bearable rock n' roll sound track; competent delivery of dialogue, and most importantly a meaningful script. This is Barbara Dare's coming out story.

In one of the first scenes Barbara is cooking spaghetti, wearing a Gay Pride t-shirt and telling April, her on-screen lover, "I knew I was gay since I was 14 and I learned to be self-reliant." The dinner is forgotten when Babs and April tear each other up! The sex is genuine. It's sweet, rough, wet, full of "I Love You's" and long kisses, and even longer orgasms. When a story creates sexual desire and tension, rather than fills the empty space between sex scenes, the sexual encounter is bound to be explosive.

The tension in *True Love* is created when Barbara's parents plan a visit, and since Barbara's still in the closet, she asks April's friend, Brett, to pose as her boyfriend. Tempers flare, but the plan goes into action. Jealousy leads to infidelity for April, but Barbara commits the ultimate sin by sleeping with a man.

This is the point where a lot of dykes would throw a brick at the T.V. Barbara not only fucks Brett—she pursues him, openly desiring his cock.

"I'm too young to feel guilty about exploring my options," she claims. Yet

(continued on page 44)

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TOYS FOR US (continued from page 9)

someone's got to roll up their sleeves.

The excerpt I show in my presentation is the G-spot ejaculation scene from Fatale Video's *Clips*. The audience reaction is the same everywhere I go. First, the stunned silence as Fanny splashes the screen with her fountain orgasm. Her long legs curl up into her easy chair while she shudders from the tips of her curly hair to her fingers. A big sigh escapes, and she turns to look over at her Wall St. Journal-reading lover. "Anything in the paper today?" she asks.

The audience lets out its breath and breaks into wild clapping. It's like the Star Spangled Banner started playing. It feels so good to see a woman come! What we have been depriving ourselves of? Why on earth does the commercial porn market think that female pleasure isn't worth the time to capture on film? Let me tell you, the lesbians in my audiences are particularly proud to see this scene, but everyone else, men and women, are profoundly moved.

Fanny's squirting power is the surprise ending of the scene but it's her exquisite build up and reaction to such a strong orgasm that makes the complete impression in the audience. I never fail to be amazed at the cynics who try to take this scene apart and find the fancy camera trick that "FAKED" this come shot. Is there a word for people who spend all their time trying to disprove the obvious? One group of video nerds told me that they put this clip on their expensive frame-by-frame editing equipment to discover what devious device Fanny had employed to fool everyone. They admitted in dismay, they could find nothing.

That's right, America—you can't keep a good woman down, or dry for that matter. "How to Read A Dirty Movie" is raising a nice bit of hell.

Slowly but surely, I am taking my erotic literacy campaign on the road. "How To Read A Dirty Movie" has played San Francisco and Los Angeles, but Peoria is still waiting. If you'd like to inquire about bringing my festival/conference to your local movie theater, contact me through On Our Backs, "Attn: Susie Bright/Dirty Movie".

P.S. To Pregnant Watchers: I'm in my 5th month at this writing and looking forward to giving you the delivery room scoop in an upcoming Fall issue. Thanks for all your congratulations and sex-positive advice! Δ

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OBSSESSION (continued from page 31)

She is plump, attractive. Her hair is dark, gleaming, brushed back into a long bushy ponytail. She measures soap and pours it into each of the four washers. She looks up, sees me watching and smiles.

I smile quickly and look away, nervous. There's a candy machine. Quickly I realize that if I don't buy candy I will fish the cigarette butts out of the trash and eat them. I go to the machine and even as I drop the coins in, I am aware of how tight my jeans feel, aware of the slight roll over the waistband. I get a Diet Pepsi too.

As I pass the woman on the way to my patch of sun, she says, "Excuse me?"

She's stunning.

"The baby's sleeping, and I need to use the john." She jerks her thumb towards the bathroom door. "Could you keep an eye on her for a second?"

"Sure," I shrug.

I'm eating my second Snickers and am halfway through Moon Mullins when the baby starts to fuss.

I go through these phases where I feel like I don't have my skin on. Every nerve is exposed. The baby's cries vibrate against my bone marrow, echo in my skull.

I look over the funnies and wait. The baby's cries build to screams. I stand, rub my trembling chocolate-and-newsprint covered fingers on my jeans. The bathroom door is still closed. The baby's fists are shaking in the air, its face is all red and wet. Why doesn't she hurry up?

I walk closer, and see that the kid's t-shirt says "Baby-Woman." I think about that for a minute, then pick her up gently, jostle her a little and pace. Her cries grow soft. She rubs her wet, warm face on my neck.

I turn and see the woman standing near the bathroom door. She walks towards me smiling.

"Thanks," she says.

I pass the baby woman to her and walk back to my bench. I want to say more but can't think of anything.

My wash is finished and I start pulling it out of the machines. I notice a wet spot on my t-shirt where the kid had drooled.

I squeeze two loads into one dryer and return to the bench. I look towards the woman again. She holds the baby in one arm and unbuttons her yellow blouse with the other. I feel a surge. She unhooks something and a breast is free. The baby-woman claps on to it, sucking softly. They look peaceful, the woman sensuous. She watches her daughter,

intent, smiling.

I try not to stare. The woman and baby's eyes are locked. They aren't aware of me, but I'm aware of me. I shift in my seat. Nice work, Zoe, I think. The first thing I want besides a cigarette in two weeks and it's a straight woman.

I look at the box of Tide near my plastic laundry basket. The air is warm. I rub my sweaty palms together. My lips are dry. I want a cigarette. The woman's breast is white and full. A blue vein makes it seem transparent. The baby sucks, kneading with tiny perfect fingers.

I press my thighs together, wanting to stop on one level and feeling that, if I move, stand or walk around, the spell will be broken.

The dryer thuds to a stop. The washing machines end their cycles one at a time. The room is warm, humid and quiet. I sit perfectly still. Flecks of dust float in the sunlight. The woman looks up, meets my eyes and smiles. The baby-woman is asleep.

In the week that follows, I often think about that moment. In my fantasy the woman places the sleeping baby in the car seat and comes to me, her yellow blouse hanging open, both breasts swaying loose. I stand and take a step towards her, then wait, uncertain. When she's close enough that I feel heat from her body she stops. I drop to my knees before her.

Now my obsession has a double edge. I want the woman and a cigarette. I move through the week muddled and confused. I see a detective movie where everyone smokes, where all the women's breasts are full and have soft curves. Every time I pass my laundry basket I feel a twinge.

I don't have that much laundry and finally decide to wash sheets to make a second trip. It's the same time of day. The place is crowded. No nursing woman. I convince myself she was an apparition, a dream. I feel depressed.

"You've got to get out," says Emily. "When a lesbian starts looking at straight women it's well past the time to get laid."

I agree.

Saturday night we go to the bar. Cigarette smoke hangs over crowded tables. I take a deep breath. Everyone is smoking.

I ask Emily to dance. I want to move around, get a better look. Her lover, Tess, waves us on and we make our way to the dance floor. The music is loud. Rhythmic. I look at each table we pass. There are 26 smokers. Would I ever be attracted

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to a woman with a cigarette again? Have I cut my already slim possibilities even slimmer? Am I doomed to wander laundromats looking for a straight woman?

Emily is much smaller than me and very thin. I think we look ridiculous. She's a good dancer, though. After a few minutes I've worked up a sweat. I feel better. I look around the dance floor and spot Grace near the corner. Her permed red hair is wet with sweat and sticks to her forehead. She's dancing with a short plump woman who looks familiar.

I feel like I've been punched in the stomach. For a moment I'm sure it's the laundromat woman. I tell myself I'm wrong. This has happened several times since that Sunday. I've got to cut it out.

The plump woman dances with erotic grace. She's wearing a pair of faded bib overalls. Her round bottom moves in seductive circles. She swings her long bushy ponytail from side to side, snaps her fingers to the beat. Light gleams in her auburn hair. She turns.

It's her.

I've stopped moving. Other dancers bump into me; I've violated the ritual. Someone says "Hey!" as I start walking between couples towards Grace and the woman.

"Hey, Zoe!" Grace calls to me, and waves.

I am looking only at the woman. The song has ended. Couples are leaving the floor. I've forgotten Emily entirely.

"Have you met my cousin Holly?" Grace asks. "She's staying with me for a few weeks."

I nod at the laundromat woman, grab Grace's arm and pull her aside.

"Excuse us," she says to Holly as she's pulled away in my grasp.

I turn to her. "You brought a straight woman to this bar?" I demand.

"Holly? She's not straight." Grace is puzzled.

"But the baby..."

"You know her?" Grace asks.

"I've seen her with a baby. And I'm sure it was hers."

"Yeah," Grace nods, looking around. "It's hers. She and her ex-lover wanted a baby. They split up shortly after it was born. She's really a cute little..."

"Lover? How do two lesbians make a baby?" I insist, just like it's my business.

"Don't ask," Grace wrinkles her nose. "It's got something to do with a M-A-N." She spelled the word.

"You're the woman from the laundromat," Holly's voice comes from behind me.

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I turn. My knees feel weak.

A slow song starts.

"Dance with me," she says in a tone that makes me wonder who will lead.

I pull her to me and spin her around, just so we'll get it established early. She fits in my arms perfectly. My mind is silly putty. My heart pounds in my throat.

"I've been thinking about you since that day at the laundromat," she says.

"Really?"

"Yeah. I had you spotted."

"Really?" Come on, Zoe. You've got a Bachelors in communications!

"It was the lavender Snake 'n' Snake t-shirt — and the way you walk."

I nod. I am not going to say "really" again! I remember the hand painted Baby-Woman t-shirt.

We dance. She moves gracefully. It's like we've danced together a thousand times.

"Come home with me." It slips out. "I mean, it's smoky and crowded here." I stammer. Try to recover. "I mean..."

She places two fingers on my lips and says, "I'll just get my things."

We say goodbye to our friends and leave. The whole thing takes five minutes. The ride to my place takes ten. My fear grows with each passing moment. God, how I want a cigarette.

At last I say, "Look, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," she says, "I quit when I was pregnant. And now I'm nursing."

I remember the breast.

"I quit three weeks ago," I tell her.

"Wow! That's great."

"It's still pretty hard some days."

"Are you drinking a lot of water?" she asks.

I start laughing.

"You know," I say at last, "I never thought I would be a non-smoker."

"You never will be a non-smoker. You're an ex-smoker. There's a big difference."

I look at her. Part of her face is illuminated by the street lights. "I'll have to think about that," I say.

An easy smile spreads across her face, then is lost in shadow.

In my small crowded bedroom I slip the blouse off Holly's shoulders. She's unzipped my jeans and has a hand inside already.

I stroke her auburn hair, so soft, clean. I slide my hands to her bra. It's damp at the nipples. She unhooks the thing and her breasts are free.

I drop to my knees. I'd done it so

many times in my mind that it seems we've been lovers forever. She smells of sweat and talcum. I slide a hand between her thighs, stroke her mons, separate the labia. My mouth finds a nipple. It's moist. Sweet. Her cunt feels wet.

We stretch out on the bed. I slide two fingers inside her, press her clitoris with my thumb. She draws up her knees. I slide a third finger in.

"I want to go down on you." Her voice is a whisper.

I stop, rise on one elbow and look at her.

"Let me go first," she says hoarsely.

My cunt feels on fire. I think I'll probably come before she gets there. I lay back and she kisses a trail down my belly, separates my labia and boldly presses her tongue to my clitoris. She's a master at cunnilingus. The feeling is intense, immediate. I rock my hips slightly. Quiver with excitement. A tingling sensation spreads through my thighs. Coming is quick. Exhilarating. Exhausting. I am drowning in a wave of ecstasy.

My reciprocation is slower. Methodic. I linger over her full breasts. Nuzzle. Caress with my lips. Her nipples are firm and wet. They taste like warm sugar. She gives my head a gentle push. I take a deep breath and move downward towards her sweet cunt. I savor the taste and smell of her. I feel a perfect connectedness. Rightness. The way I felt with my first woman. I drink her in. Linger.

She comes slowly. Holding me to her. I think I might smother. I'm briefly grateful for added lung power. I want to touch and kiss her more. She pushes me away.

I move up on the pillow next to her, hold her. She curls up in my arms, a perfect fit. For a moment I feel something is missing. Something I can almost but not quite remember. Then I'm lost in rapture.

"Damn," I say, "I'm glad you're not straight."

"Well, I'm glad you're an ex-smoker." That beautiful, easy smile spreads across her round face and I remember the thing I'd forgotten. There seems to be no place for it now, no way to make it fit.

Holly's lips find mine. We taste of sex and smell of each other. I think about the laundromat, the patch of sun, the dust swirling and settling. I remember the roof tops and that I only looked at them for awhile, until my own roof was fixed. I lie back and relax. Maybe, for the first time in three weeks, I'm glad I'm an ex-smoker too. Δ

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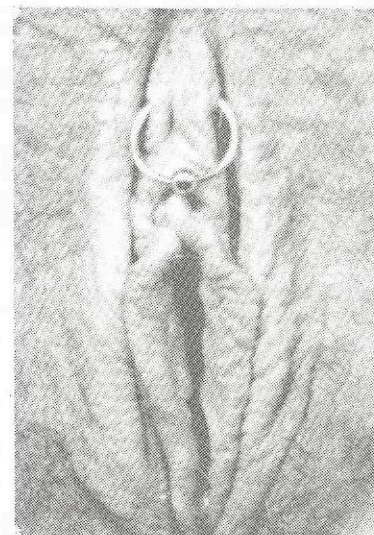
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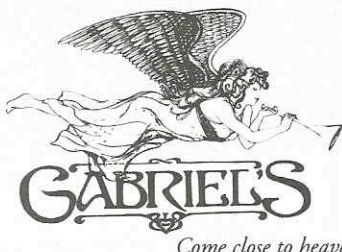
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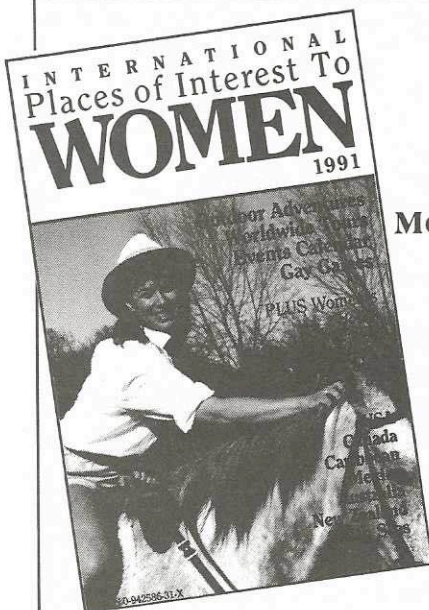
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LOW & INSIDE (continued from pg 29)

afraid of it. Femmes were her style...and mine, too.

"You know, Trish," she chuckled, "you look so butch scooping up rockets at third. I've been wondering for years just how butch you are."

I sighed, wiping my sweating palms on my thighs. "I'm not following you. I'm not sure I want to."

"Oh, you want to all right," she breathed, taking a couple of steps towards me. Her bright green eyes flashed. "Let's go."

"What?" A fight could be fatal for me. Jamey snickered. "You find something fucking funny?" I asked, my hair beginning to bristle.

She feigned fear. "Oh! Big tough dyke, huh? Come on, baby butch. Teach me a lesson."

Though I was well aware I was in for a stomping, I charged her. Bravado, si. Brains, no. The surprise attack allowed me to take her down to the cold stone floor. I held her around the waist squeezing tight, just able to hang on. My face was buried in her shoulder. She smelled pungent, of sweat and infield dirt and sex. She'd probably gotten some from that cute little leftfielder, as a sort of incentive, before she came to harass me.

Jamey was growling, "You little bitch! When I'm through, you won't know what hit you!"

True to her word, she turned the tables effortlessly as I grappled for a hold. Jamey tossed me off her and pounced, pressing me facedown onto the floor. She climbed on. Enraged, I grunted like a caged animal and bucked hard to get her off. Her leg pushed between mine so that when I jerked, it mashed my mound against her thigh.

"What're you gonna do now, sweetie?" she hissed into my ear. The sensation raised gooseflesh on my neck in spite of my rage. I turned my head enough to look in her face. Her eyes were bright. She was getting off on this.

"Jamey, goddammit!" I begged, my resolve caving in.

"What? What do you want?" Her eyes were unsympathetic.

"Let me go!"

She laughed, that fucking snicker again. "Aw, my heart bleeds for you. But I don't think that's what you want. Is it, Trish?"

"Yes!"

She jammed her leg up more firmly into me. "Is it?"

My head swam. This time, I didn't

answer. I couldn't. Jamey kept up a running commentary as she stroked my pussy with her thigh. "I know women like you, Trish. Seen 'em all my life. So butch. So hot. With a gaggle of little femmes mewling and squealing for you at every turn. But that's not what you need.. You need a good fuck. Not by some frail, sympathetic hand, but by someone who know what it means to fuck. Someone like me."

In a swift move, Jamey pinned both my wrists in one of her hands above my head. It was easy for her; her little speech had totally deflated me. She'd read me so correctly, so categorically, that I was soaking wet with a throbbing clit. I could never make it easy for her. She knew that. But she also knew from the rhythm of my breathing that she was in.

She alternated the beat of her thigh with humping against my tight ass. With her free hand, she reached beneath my body and squeezed my breasts roughly. My nipples stiffened beneath her palms. The pain was delicious. Just as I began to enjoy the friction, she maneuvered down to unfasten my pants. I pressed my hips to the floor and squirmed.

"Stay still, bitch!" she ordered, biting my neck for emphasis. Eventually her efforts succeeded and she shoved her hand down the back of my pants and began tugging them down. Cool air hit my butt. Jamey squeezed the hard flesh in her fingers, murmuring, "I see why those bimbos drool over you."

I was reduced to helpless writhing. Even if Jamey hadn't been holding my wrists, I probably wouldn't have fought her off. She pressed her finger into my ass, hard, without the benefit of any lubrication. Tears sprung up in my eyes. Before I even had a chance to cry out, she withdrew and moved on.

Jamey spread my juices around with her fingers, wetting her whole hand in them, then pausing to taste me. She brought a finger to my mouth and coated my tongue with my own wetness.

"See how good you taste, Trish? You're so wet. Too bad a good eating's what you need. I wouldn't mind doing that for you, either."

She returned to probing my pussy with skilled fingers, strumming on my clit, making forays to enter me. I struggled to my knees and elbows as Jamey mounted me, still maintaining a headlock. I bit her forearm and sucked on the salt of her perspiration, lost in the experience. If my friends could see me now, they'd swear I'd flipped my lid.

"Hang on, baby," she told me, "You're in for a hot ride." Abruptly, Jamey thrust two fingers into my wetness. My vaginal muscles contracted, holding onto her, her fingertips tapping the bulbous head of my cervix. This was all new, all mysterious to me, and I fought the urge to scream out in pleasure.

She built up luscious friction by thrusting heatedly into me, her thumb pressing my aching clit. My pussy felt raw and wonderful as she fed me three, then four fingers. I was completely full. The sensation made me heady. My body wanted more.

I met Jamey's thrusts with my own. She ran her other hand through my hair, and wrapped a leg around my thigh. Her crotch was wet and she kept in tempo with me. No longer able to stay up on my knees, I fell prone, on the verge of a powerful orgasm.

"Oh, come for me, baby," Jamey growled into my ear. "Come on, take it. I know you want it."

Waves swelled and crashed over me, and I cried out as it wounded. My body spasmed, muscles rippling, and a great gush of juices covered the hand Jamey had buried in me. I heard myself calling her name over and over, reaching for her hand to wrap her arm around me. Jamey shuddered too, but held me tightly to herself.

Quiet blanketed us. Jamey lay on my back, breathing heavily into my ear. I could neither move nor think; both required more energy than I could muster. I just wanted Jamey to hold me, kiss me, take complete possession of me.

In a moment, Jamey got to her knees, and hauled herself to her feet. Eyeing me arrogantly, she straightened her clothing. I rolled into a supine position to look at her. The exposed areas of my ass and back stuck to the cool tile floor. Her eyes held the most triumphant look I had ever seen. Feebly, I tugged at my clothes.

She started for the door. "Later, baby."

"Where are you going?" I asked quietly, trying to hide the desperation in my voice.

"I'm leaving," she stated simply. "I'm through with you...for now."

I wanted to say something that would make her stay, but what would I do if she did?

Jamey strode out. I breathed deeply and stared at the ceiling, my heart still racing from the orgasm. My cunt ached for skilled and persistent hands. I sighed. I could still hit Stoney's tonight. This time I'd know exactly what to look for. Δ

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REVIEWS (continued from page 37)

the subsequent dialogue about bisexual-ity, selfishness, and the gay commitment is potent. Eventually she reaches a resolution and finally comes out to her parents.

If you're looking for flaws, they're easy to find. The biggest one is the obligatory hetero fuck scene, complete with two characters who mysteriously appear, fuck, and are never seen again. Yet this film deserves credit, not only for its "lascivious lesbian scene" but because it is the only mainstream adult film I've ever seen which addresses the sexual politics behind the lesbian label.

Coming of Age is not only devoid of any sexual politics, it is completely devoid of any signs of intelligent life. The lesbian scene between Tami Monroe and Starlet of the Year, Tori Welles, is a bull's eye for what dorks think lesbians do. And I love the way lesbian experiences just happen. Tori just *happens* to show Tami the lesbo ropes by instructing her to suck on a dildo. "This is what you do with a guy," says Tori.

Ah, lesbianism. Infantile practice for the real thing. Put this in the Bimbo category.

Sorority Pink II is a Pink Ladies Production with an all-star cast. The Pink Ladies Social Club is an organization of women in the adult film industry, such as Nina Hartley, Porsche Lynn and Angel Kelly, who get together for emotional and creative support. I would label this film "Novelty". Although the nominated scene is between Nina Hartley and Sharon Kane, the film is notorious for the 12-girl daisy chain finalé.

A daisy chain is one big circle suck. Each woman lies on her side, with her mouth on the pussy in front of her. This ends up being a full-blown dildo party with a little toe sex thrown in for good measure. Mai Lin, one of the few Asian sex stars, is sporting an atrocious set of four-inch long fingernails. I crossed my legs and imagined the agony of them slipping inside me! Of course, I also imagined being part of the chain, and this clip might stayed cued for awhile.

True Love won the Heart-On for best lesbian scene, and is definitely my commercial adult video pick of the year. The impact that many bisexual and lesbian women have had in the business is noticeable. But there is still an oasis of sexual variety waiting to be brought to the screen. *True Love* has set the example. Who will be next? Δ

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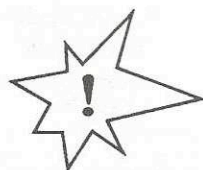
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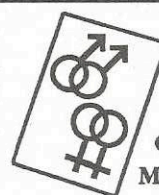
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Nursing a literary conception? In the throes of hard labor? Literary midwife will assist with birth of projects at any stage of gestation. I am a published writer and fiction editor of *On Our Backs*. I will nurture your embryonic ideas with critical feedback, practical suggestions, research when necessary, and expert editorial finetuning. Healthy newborn manuscripts guaranteed.

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BUSINESS

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DATING SERVICE

The Wishing Well



Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code numbers used throughout. \$5 intro copy (discreet, 1st class). NEW: "Well Talk Tapes". Inquire: PO Box 713090, Santee, CA 92072-3090.

ADVENTURE

BARE EVERYTHING: Try A Nude Vacation!



Total information available: books, literature, videos, park guides, cruise info, and more. Discreet. \$1.00 P & H, please. Guide, Box 15258, Dept. 190, Sarasota, FL 34277.

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PERSONALS

ON OUR BACKS

On Our Backs Personals are for Women Seeking Women Only

FLAMING RED HEAD FEMME

With green eyes, 40ish, with body like Elvira, who wants classy butch dyke, 39, in leather with warm, gentle heart who rides a bike. Faithful, honest, truth, love unconditionally and not afraid of intimacy. Lots of \$\$, Box 645.

HOT IN HAWAII

Aloha! I'm an attractive petite Oriental (22) looking for fun and great fucking! I'd love to correspond and trade sexy pics (nude if possible) with bi or lesbians everywhere. Cum one cum all! I'm very hot & waiting! Write & send sexy pics soon. Box 675.

NORTHEAST NUCKY

GLF Scorpio/Butch/Top seekin' Femme compatible 4 datin', dancin' & dinin' out. Box 682.

FEMME VOYEUR N.E.

New England 27 year old needs strong woman to overpower me, make me do things I do not want to. Love me, make me love you. If you are strong, aggressive, overpowering, I am your toy. Race, age, looks not important. I enjoy body worship, body hair, and am a voyeur. Send letter and photo for same, to: Box 665.

DEFY LABELS?

Timid aggressive dominant/submissive femmy butch, seeks dyke to take me as I am or whip me into shape. Box 666.

CURIOUS ABSOLUTE BEGINNER

Hungry fatalist, 26, wants lustful letterwriters, any race, role, or area. No drugs, bi's, heavy S/M. But otherwise surprise me! Discretion desired and assured. Box 667.

SEEKING BUTCH/FEMME DYNAMICS

If you're a stone butch who walks on the outside of the curb, opens her door, the waiter calls you "Sir", you pick up the tab, drive her home, tuck her in, and firmly press your weight on TOP of her, you know how to treat a "lady". And, this ultra-femme knows how to please you too. Box 668.

FEMME SEEKS FEMME

GWF, beautiful long auburn hair, hazel eyes, professional femme, tall, emotionally healthy, physically fit, (36D), non-smoker, drinker, scuba-diver seeks same for dining, dancing, laughter, spoiling, passionate lovemaking. Phone/photo. San Diego area. Box 669.

SEATTLE S/M DYKE MOVES SOUTH

Do you have a space to share/rent beginning June 1? Responsible, mature, woman looking for apt. or house with same, in SF/Bay Area. (206) 361-5141. Collect O.K. After 6 PM. Box 671.

FALLEN ANGEL

Professional musician, S/M top, 5'5, small build seeks special woman unafraid to reach for her dreams. Are you tough enough for my love? Why not discreetly slip your keys over for me, babe? I am Califia's fantasy and more! No tobacco. No head trips. Lana, Box 672.

NEW YORK DISCIPLINE

GWF attractive, slim, educated intelligent fem top, seeks attractive GWF submissive bottom eager to please and worship mistress. Should be above average intelligence, no smokers, drugs, or boozers. Box 676.

SEATTLE AREA

SUBMISSIVE SEEKS

Femme bottom looking for butch top. I like to wear sleazy, slutty clothes for leather clad mistress. Into role playing, ass fucks, cutting, and servicing lesbian cock while on my knees. Fantasies include ice torture, public sex and rape. Wear a uniform while ripping lingerie from my body. If my pain is your pleasure Mistress, come make me mess my make-up, please. Box 683.

SPANKING FETISH

Femme slim attractive likes spanking scenes, can be top or bottom. Live Texas-Okla area, but will answer all. Box 684.

GWF, 28 seeking a top into light S&M, fisting and who enjoys taking control! Write and send photo, Texas. Box 685.

PHONE FANTASY

Attractive Bi Femme seeks same for "phone fantasies". Let's talk "nasty" as we ride our vibrators. Send phone # and time to call and I will respond. It will be worth it! Box 686.

ATTRACTIVE ENGLISH BUTCH TOP

Visiting USA soon, permanent residence if meeting right female. Rubber leather lace hankies black blue red white lace needs attractive very femme bottom. Box 687.

INCURABLE ROMANTIC

Educated professional WF late 20's, attractive seeks classy attractive femmes 25-40 LA/ San Diego area for

fun & friendship &/or possible serious relationship. If your musical taste runs from Siouxsie & The Banshees to Rachmaninoff & you enjoy dancing, warm candlelight dinners complete with sensuous massage, cycling, nude beaches, concerts & long deep kisses along with passionately reckless love making, then let this hot sensitive & sincere semi-butch spoil you rotten. Box 688.

MIDWEST SEX CRAZED WOMAN

Attractive blond, 5'8, WF, 39, into any type of sex that will turn another woman on. Just looking for fun and sex. Willing to travel. Box 689.

YOUR PERFECT MISTRESS

Dominance with no strings attached. I know how to create wild B/D S/M eroticism for your mind. I'll make you scream with extreme pleasure. Beautiful, demanding, sensuous, savage, WF lesbian goddess will train select females through exquisite correspondence into complete physical, mental and sexual enslavement. Intense humiliation & severe self-abuse under my capable direction. Limits will be greatly stretched. Closet submissives this is your chance. Don't just sit at home dreaming. I'll be the hottest secret in your life. You must be serious and prove desire with letter of introduction and a recent photo of yourself. Box 691.

FOR YOUR PLEASURE

I'm a submissive novice bottom, 35 years old, absolute femme, attractive, Aries, who seeks experienced top. Discretion necessary. Oakland area. Box 692.

SEXY PEN PALS

We are two horny monogamous lovers who want to spice up our sex lives. We want to fill the weeks between each issue of OOB with erotic correspondence from lesbian and bi-women both singles and couples. Box 693.

SEATTLE

ARTIST/PHOTOGRAPHER

Seeks couples, singles, nude, clothed, all sizes, colors, ages, for erotic modeling. Box 694.

HOT COUPLE/NYC

Butch top/femme bottom: intelligent, good-looking, physically fit. Favor spanking, lesbian cocks, whipping, bondage and wanting another couple (or singles) for fantasy play. Box 695.

BOTTOM BABY BUTCH

NYC, tall, round, stacked, eager, 27 seeks femme tops for safe initiation rituals. Couples, body worship, light

s/m, role-switching, leather & fantasies is a plus, smoking, drugs, alcohol is a minus. Box 696.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE BI

30, loves metal/rock, inner beauty, and people who can THINK. I'm a sexual outlaw—won't you eat a cheesecake slice of my life? Looking for a woman who can laugh, stay up late and who will sit on my face forever, a lady in the living room and a whore in the bedroom. XOXO. Box 697.

OLDER IS BETTER

Tired of masturbating alone? Me too! I'm a hirsute GBF 45 years young that gets hot to large breasts, spankings and wet games. Interested? Then write with photo. Box 698.

TAIL IN THE SADDLE

Cowgirl, 39, wants to ride long and hard in return for same. Roping, tongue lashing and branding possible in SF. JC, PO 836, SF, CA 94114.

ATTRACTIVE OHIO BUTCH

Cute, artist, 26, 5', 125 lbs., brunette, blue-eyed, ultra-feminist, seeking sincere beautiful fit femme for lasting relationship. Dislikes children. No drugs, smoking, heavy drinkers, pain or bi's. Interested in relocating to Southern CA. Letter, photo. Box 700.

COURTING DANGER

On the deepest level. An honest, open-hearted stone butch wants ultrafemme for ultimate contact. Now. PO Box 712003, Bunker Hill Station, Los Angeles, CA 90071-2003.

MAIDSERVANT/SLAVEGIRL

Required for strict female Victorian household. Must be hard-working, utterly submissive and prepared to enter a total alternate reality. Apply to: Kincasslagh House, Burtonport, Donegal, Ireland. Or telephone Ireland, 75 42030.

COUNTRY COMFORTS

Voluptuous 40ish European blonde with experienced menagerie seeks partner, possible live-in to explore size, power, and primitive instincts. Midwest. Box 703.

HANDSOME MASCULINE BUTCH

Wants straight-looking, straight-acting femme. Objective: good, old-fashioned butch/femme sex. I wear the dildo, you receive it, and we both feel great. Monogamous, live-together preferred. No drugs or cigarettes. Box 704.

PERSONALS

ON OUR BACKS

SUBMISSIVE

HOUSEWIFE(S) WANTED

30 year old clean strong black butch requires a femme Oriental, Latin or White woman. No bi's. Preferably from outside NYC. Into motorcycles, body building, sex, loyalty, and protecting women. Send your sexiest photos, wildest dream and deepest secret. Box 705.

SOPHISTICATED

Duel, queen of verbal titillation, heavy fantasy, show & tell, toys, either way gender bending. Sassy, independent. Are you woman enough? Northeast. Box 706.

CHICAGO AREA

Hot femme wanted as leather slave girl for 2 horny single dykes. Sex on demand required along with degrading household duties. Please us, we'll please you. Send letter, photo. No bi's. Box 707.

L.A. DADDY SEEKS FEMME

Urbane Daddy seeks well-bred Daddy's girl for romance, banter, punishment and tenderness. Dalliance to include restraint, spanking, discipline, and your undivided devotion. Frequent travel to SF. Write to 8721 Santa Monica Blvd. #517, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

CRAVE THE REAL THING

Tired of experimenting with bi-fe-

males. Want a real experienced gay top femme to seduce me, take my lesbian-virginity completely and show me how to please her as well. I'm 28, blonde, green eyes, 5'6, 120 lbs. (34B-24-36), clean, discreet, sincere & very fit. Photo & details please. Box 711.

WANTED: ATTRACTIVE HOT BUTCH

Submissive GWF, 46, seeks attractive, intelligent, butch for fun and erotic passionate lovemaking. Like some toys. When can you and I get started? No smokers, drugs, boozers or bi's. Send photo. Southwest Area. Box 709.

SEX WORK (AND PLAY)

Read the book? Establishing contact/support group for Chicago/Midwest area women in the sex industry. Also seeking occasional companions, clean and sober, sorta butch, physically and emotionally self-respecting with a good sense of humor who would like to help me explore and broaden my sexual horizons. Photo a must. Will reciprocate. Box 710.

WAITING FOR YOU

Very shy, attractive, femme, 28, long blonde hair, physically fit, out only one year, full of passion and desire, yearning for a hot and delicious encounter with you! Send me a note and your photo and I'll send you mine. Let's start fantasizing! I can't wait to meet you! Box 712.

ATTRACTIVE FEMININE TOMBOY

31, educated, professional, traveller, straight forward nonsmoker with zest for lust. Looking for busty femme to share adventures with. Come ride on my new toy...my Harley, of course. West Palm Beach, FL. Box 713.

SHAMEFUL, SINFUL, SERIOUS

Athletic, GWF, blond, blue eyes seeks submissive playmate. I'm playing for keeps this time. If you crave a mistress who knows how to rule a woman, then let's do it. West Coast bound. Only serious, with photo. Box 714.

LITTLE BIG SWISS MISS

Happy Birthday hugs and kisses from Tijuana to Vancouver. Two sisters such as us shouldn't be separated by two international borders and too many miles. Big little. Box 715.

ARE YOU PUDGE FACED?

Rottweiler lover seeks same. Must be proficient in redecorating, especially trimwork and couch cushions. Excessive smoking, drugs, and heavy drinking a must! Accident prone, ok. Box 720.

I WANT IT ALL

Hot, butch, bottom desires to be owned. I'm tough enough for your love, anytime, anyway, anywhere. I seek no promises and set no limits. Take me. The possibilities are endless. Box 717.

FUNLOVING

Experienced and educated. Likes B/D, S/M, emphasis on having fun. Relocating to Bay Area May 90. Seeking lesbians for scenes, friendship. Group scenes welcome. Box 718.

DANCING AND?

33, attractive & fun. Early 30's, bi. Seeking attractive aggressive feminine women that love to dance. Box 721.

2 4 1

Visiting or living in Michigan? Two hot, intelligent, fun irreverent women in their 20's would like to share you. Me: punky, leather top. Her: ACA-chic, whip-loving bottom. You: 20-35, drop dead cute top or bottom. Alternative music, politics and attitude a must. No "wimmin" or straight flirts. Send photo and shoe size. Box 716.

BIG BEAUTIFUL FEMMES ATTENTION:

This sexy full-figured femme seeks your company. I'm single, child-free and 100% lesbian. I can travel/relocate. My loves are clothes: being dressed, lingerie, make-up, bubble baths, romance, feminine women. My interests are the arts, theater, music, comedy clubs. Age/race/etc. unimportant. Will answer all who send photo and are serious. I will reply in the same manner. Write today! (I'm discreet.) Box 719.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

- your return address at the top left corner,
- her box number in the lower left corner, &
- a first class stamp at the top right corner.

If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

On Our Backs Personals

526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

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PERSONAL: \$15 FIRST 30 WORDS, 40 CENTS PER ADDITIONAL WORD, \$2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

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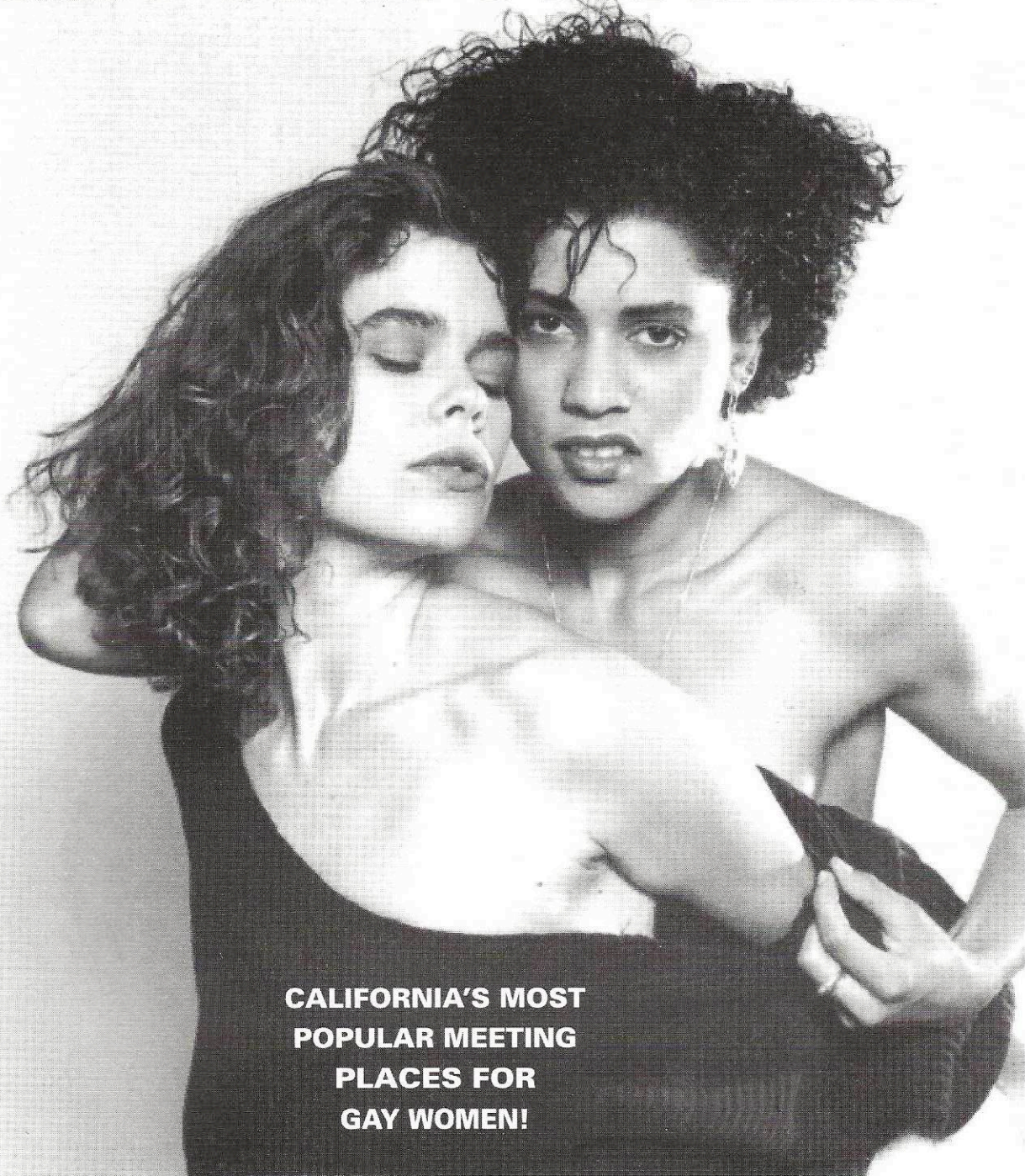
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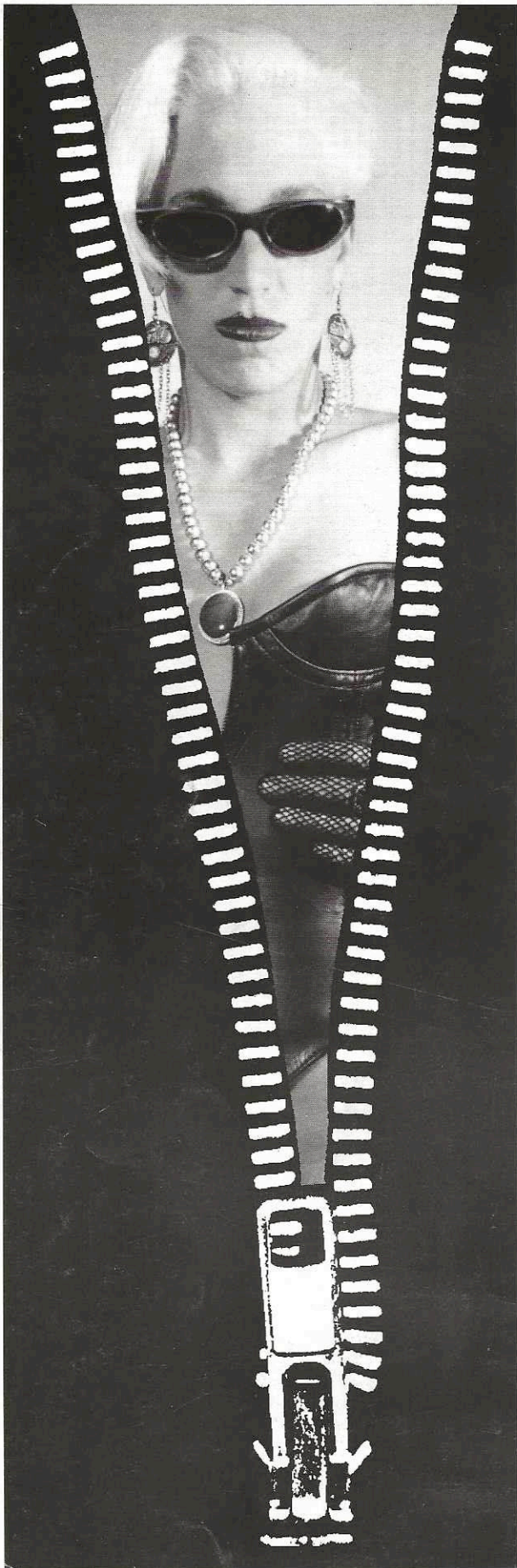
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